

Denison's Royalty Plays

*A Busy
Honeymoon*

by
Larry E. Johnson

T. S. Denison & Company

Publishers · Chicago

Price 50 Cents

LAUGH MAKERS

Her Step Husband



Comedy in 3 acts, by LARRY E. JOHNSON; 4 m., 5 w. Time, 2½ hrs. *Scene:* 1 interior. Mary's gorgeous fibs about her husband's fictitious wealth and her efforts to impress a rich aunt who is visiting them, start a train of misadventures that almost lands hubby in jail. Production fee, fifteen dollars. Price, 50 Cents

The Bride Breezes In

Comedy-drama in 3 acts, by LILLIAN MORTIMER; 5 m., 5 w. Time, 2¼ hrs. *Scene:* 1 interior. To save his father from ruin, Al consents to a loveless marriage, but weakens when his bride turns out to be a gawky Sis Hopkins. Then the fun begins, and the three masquerading girls add to the hilarity. Production fee, ten dollars. Price, 50 Cents



Welcome to the Old Town

Comedy in 3 acts, by EDWIN SCRIBNER; 5 m., 8 w. Time, 2½ hrs. *Scene:* 1 interior. Con Connover, who had previously left town under a cloud, returns to dress down the village Shylock, save the girl he loves, clear his own name, and put the old town on its feet. Production fee, ten dollars. Price, 50 Cents

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A BUSY HONEYMOON

BY LARRY E. JOHNSON

Plays

What Anne Brought Home
Sweetwater Trail
Walt, Incorporated; or, Brother
Elks
Putting It Over
Her Step-Husband
Never Touched Me
The Mummy and the Mumps
Can't Keep a Good Man Down
The Absent-Minded Bridegroom
A Busy Honeymoon

Musical comedies

The Hurry-up Bride
It Can't Be Done

A BUSY HONEYMOON

A Farce-Comedy in Three Acts

By

LARRY E. JOHNSON



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
Publishers

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A Busy Honeymoon

A BUSY HONEYMOON

FOR SIX MEN AND SIX WOMEN

CHARACTERS

(In order of their first appearance)

TERESA	Princess Alma's maid
JOHNNIE FOGARTY	A newspaper reporter
ALMA	Princess of Deleria
CUTICURA BROWN (CUTIE)	The colored chambermaid
JUNE CALLAHAN	A stenographer and princess pro tem.
AUGUST	Crown Prince of Strudelburg
TERRY RAFFERTY	Hotel porter and prince, pro tem.
IGNATIUS POPOPOLUS	A Greek hero and patriot
GOTTLIEB	Archduke of Wiener Schnitzel
MAGGIE RAFFERTY	Terry's wife
LOUISE	Queen of Deleria
GROGAN	The hotel's house detective

NOTE.—The part of the messenger, who speaks a few lines off stage, may be taken by the director or an assistant.

TIME—July 31st, and August 1st and 2d of the present year.

PLACE—New York City.

TIME OF PLAYING—About two and a quarter hours.

SYNOPSIS OF ACTS

ACT I. Living room of the royal suite in Hotel Magnorious, New York City. Morning of July 31st.

ACT II. Same as in Act I. The following morning, about ten o'clock.

ACT III. Same as in previous acts. Noon of the following day.

COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS

TERESA—An alert, bright-looking girl in her twenties. Wears a dark gown, not a maid's costume. In Act I, she puts on a coat for her final exit. At her first entrance in Act II, she is still wearing this coat.

FOGARTY—Brisk and resourceful young man of about twenty-five; juvenile make-up. Wears neat business suit throughout the play.

ALMA—An attractive girl in her early twenties. At her first entrance in Act I, she wears a beautiful silk negligée. Later changes to a traveling suit, hat, and accessories.

CUTIE—About seventeen years of age. Make-up should be black or high yellow. She wears a maid's dress, apron, and cap.

JUNE—A capable and comely young woman in her early twenties. At her first appearance in Act I, she wears a smart tailored suit of some dark material. Later in the act, she changes to an elaborate evening gown with a court train, also necklace and tiara. She carries a lorgnette suspended around her neck by a fine gold chain. In Act II, wears a handsome negligée costume. In Act III, wears same tailored suit as in Act I.

AUGUST—A mild and agreeable young man in his twenties. Throughout the play he wears a frock coat with light trousers. At his entrance in Act III, his suit is dusty and disordered, and he presents a generally dishevelled appearance.

TERRY—A middle-aged Irishman with a red face. At his first entrance in Act I, he wears overalls and jumper. Later he changes to the elaborate green tunic of the hussars with belt, sword, and plumed helmet, but he still wears the overalls. In Acts II and III, he wears the hussars' complete uniform.

POPOPLUS—May be of any age. Wears short, bushy beard, which sticks out in all directions. He has a nervous, excitable manner and gesticulates a good deal. His costume throughout the play is a Prince Albert coat and light-colored trousers, with a red fez on the head.

GOTTLIEB—About the age of Terry. He has a pompous carriage and a mustache waxed to fine points, which turn straight up. Throughout the play, he wears dark suit, gray hat, and overcoat of smart military cut.

MAGGIE—A middle-aged, raw-boned, belligerent Irishwoman. At each appearance, wears a dress of loud pattern and a hat of exaggerated style, not in the best taste.

LOUISE—A handsome, well-poised woman of middle age, with a stately carriage. Wears a tailored traveling gown and a hat of any appropriate color except black, at her only appearance in Act III.

GROGAN—May be of any age. Wears a dark blue suit and a derby hat.

PROPERTIES

Buffet

Divan

Overstuffed armchair

Two straight-backed chairs

Telephone desk, and chair

Small table

Wall mirror

Several large floor vases of flowers

Decanters, carafe, and glasses for buffet

Telephone instrument

Two telephone bells

One doorbell

Table lamp

Wire basket filled with sealed letters

Cushions for divan

Two tablecloths, two napkins, and complete set of silver for two, in buffet drawer

Tray with two "hot dog" sandwiches, mustard pot, and dill pickle

Pad and pencil for messenger

For TERESA—Two traveling bags.

For FOGARTY—Large piece of ice; camera; tray with plates, cups, and saucers for two, coffee pot, cream pitcher, sugar bowl, and rack of toast; pencil and notebook; man's handkerchief; watch; telegram; newspaper; letter.

For ALMA—Hand bag containing coins and bills; small dispatch box.

For CUTIE—Dust cloth and broom; fan.

For JUNE—Portable typewriter; pencil and notebook; lorgnette; open letter.

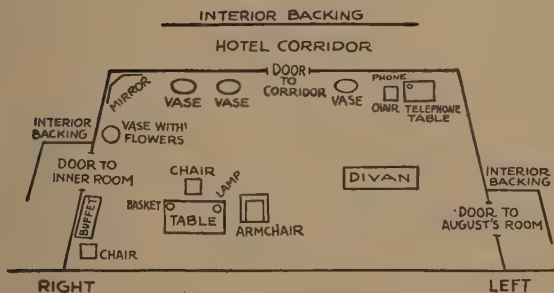
For AUGUST—Money, including a bill and a dime.

For TERRY—Small, lightweight trunk; watch; revolver.

For POPOPLUS—Large revolver; bomb (black rubber ball); various badges and medals, including dog tax; sheaf of documents; watch.

For MAGGIE—Newspaper; umbrella; handkerchief; hand bag.

SCENE PLOT



STAGE DIRECTIONS

Up stage means away from the footlights; *down stage*, near footlights. In the use of *right* and *left*, the actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

A BUSY HONEYMOON

FIRST ACT

SCENE: *Living room of the royal suite of the Hotel Magnorious. The furniture and decorations are rather magnificent, and there are masses of flowers in several large floor vases placed at convenient intervals around the back and upper right side of stage. Three doors open into the room: one in the center, up stage, from the corridor of the hotel, one in the middle of the right wall, from the other rooms in the suite, and one well down in the left wall, from the apartment of PRINCE AUGUST. A buffet with decanters, carafe, and glasses, stands against the right wall between the door and the footlights, and a few feet in front of this is a table, on which stands a large wire basket piled with unopened letters. At right angles to the left wall, above the door, a divan is placed, and on the opposite side of the room is a large, overstuffed armchair. Two small chairs are set one above the table, and one against the right wall below the buffet. Fitting into the upper right-hand corner is a large, two-section mirror. In the upper left corner is a small table, on which is a desk telephone and beside which stands a chair. Other furniture may be added to dress the set but this is all that is essential.*

NOTE.—The door in the right wall must open on and up stage.

At rise of curtain, TERESA is discovered sorting letters from basket of mail. A telephone rings faintly, off right. She drops the letters, crosses as if to exit at right. As she does so, the telephone on stage at left begins to ring. She turns and crosses left. When she has nearly reached the telephone, a much louder ring is heard; it is evidently a doorbell. TERESA hesitates and looks at the door up center. The ringing is insistent. With an impatient exclamation she goes up to door in flat. All three bells are now ringing. She opens center door about an inch.

TERESA.

(Snappishly.)

Who are you, and what do you want?

FOGARTY.

(Off center.)

I'm a reporter on the *Universe*, and I want to interview the Princess Alma.

TERESA.

Her Highness is fatigued from her long journey. She is resting and does not wish to be disturbed. *(TERESA shuts door firmly, crosses quickly to telephone, and picking up receiver, speaks into mouth-piece.)* Who is it you wish? *(Pauses.)* Speaking. *(Pauses.)* Have you secured the secretary—the typist? Is she clever and discreet? Very well. Send her up at once. *(Hangs up receiver.)*

The doorbell rings again. TERESA goes up center and opens door about a foot. FOGARTY appears in doorway.

FOGARTY.

Listen, sweetie: I've just got to see the Princess.

TERESA.

I have told you already that her Highness is not to be disturbed.

FOGARTY.

I won't disturb her.

TERESA.

I know it. You won't even see her.

FOGARTY.

Well, if you won't let me talk to her, will you answer a few questions yourself?

TERESA.

What do you want to know?

FOGARTY.

Have the Princess and the Queen had a scrap?

TERESA.

(*Puzzled.*)

A what?

FOGARTY.

Have Princess Alma and her mother quarreled?

TERESA.

Certainly not.

FOGARTY.

Then why did she leave the old lady and the royal party flat in Detroit and beat it back to New York?

TERESA.

I cannot answer that. It is personal to her Highness. (*Tries to close the door.*)

FOGARTY.

Just one more question. How does her Highness like America?

TERESA.

She thinks it very nice—which is more than I do! (*Exit FOGARTY, up center. She slams door on him.*)

Telephone rings. The right door is thrown violently open. The telephone off right, which has continued to ring faintly through the previous scene, is now much louder. PRINCESS ALMA appears in right doorway. She wears a beautiful negligée.

ALMA.

(*Despairingly.*)

Teresa, can nothing be done to stop this noise? It is driving me distracted. That telephone in there has been ringing continuously for the last ten minutes. (*She sinks into armchair.*)

TERESA.

Highness, had you done as I explained, it would have stopped instantly. See? (*Takes down receiver of table phone and lets it dangle by wire. Telephone stops ringing.*)

ALMA.

Yes; I see. It is very clever; but I had forgotten what you told me to do. These American telephones are so complicated, and I have no head for machinery, so I just lay there and let it ring, hoping that it would run down.

TERESA.

I will attend to it, Highness.

ALMA.

Never mind. What of Prince August? Has he arrived? (*Telephone off right stops ringing.*)

TERESA.

I do not know, Highness. There has been no message from him, but I haven't had time to look through all the mail as yet.

ALMA.

Stupid! That is the first thing you should have done. I will see for myself. Where are the letters?

TERESA.

(*Grimly.*)

There. (*Points to basket of mail.*)

ALMA.

(*Turns and looks, startled.*)

Good heavens! What a quantity! I hope they are not all bills.

TERESA.

They are invitations for the most part: letters of welcome, letters asking you formally to open things, to unveil other things, and to christen still other things.

ALMA.

The Americans are an industrious people. I cannot undertake to open all these. I must have a secretary.

TERESA.

It has been arranged. The *maître d'hôtel* has secured the services of a capable and discreet typist by the name of Miss Stenographer.

ALMA.

That is well. You may go.

Exit TERESA, right. Door center opens and CUTICURA BROWN enters, carrying broom and dust cloth.

CUTIE.

'Scuse me, lady. Is you ready to have yo' work done?

ALMA.

Are you the new secretary?

CUTIE.

No. I's dess li'l' ol' chambermaid. Come to set de room straight.

ALMA.

Very well, if you don't disturb me.

CUTIE.

Ain't aimin' to disturb you; aimin' to disturb 'at dust. (*Starts to wipe dust from buffet.*) 'At ol' dust sure keeps me wingin'. All day I wu'ks wipin' it off, and all night 'at ol' dust wu'ks settlin' back. Den nex' day I does it all over again. Sure is a great life—dis bein' a chambermaid. As long as I live, I'm dustin', and when I'm dead I'm dust.

ALMA.

(*Smiling.*)

What is your name, child?

CUTIE.

Dey calls me Cutie. 'Co'se dat ain't my reg'lar name. My reg'lar name is Cuticura.

ALMA.

Are you a slave?

CUTIE.

Slave? Mah goodness! (*Laughs heartily.*) No, indeedy! Ain't any slaves in de Nunited States no mo'. Jeff Davis done freed all de slaves 'way back in 1776.

ALMA.

Of course. I had forgotten.

CUTIE.

You is Princess Alma; ain't you?

ALMA.

Yes.

CUTIE.

I read all about you in de papers; 'bout you comin' to dis country wit' your ma. Papers says your ma is tryin' to borrow five million dollars. My, dat's a heap of money!

ALMA.

(*Sighs.*)

It is.

CUTIE.

Paper say you is goin' to marry a duke.

ALMA.

The papers say everything. What wise men editors must be!

CUTIE.

Yes'm. You know I'm a princess myself on my father's side. 'Co'se I ain't workin' at it now.

Yes'm. Daddy was the King of the Zulus back befo' de war.

ALMA.

Indeed?

CUTIE.

(Crosses to divan and dusts it.)

Yes'm. We's royalty. 'Co'se we don't set no store by 'at now, 'count 'at royalties is gettin' so common. Yes'm. Right yere in dis hotel, dey's thicker 'en fleas on Fido. Le's see: Fust place, dere's you. 'En dere's 'at Prince of— What's his name? Straddlebug—

ALMA.

(Showing interest.)

Von Strudelburg? In this hotel?

CUTIE.

Yes'm; same floor as you-all. 'En dey's 'at Duke of sumpin'—name of Archie. Dey's gettin' 'at front suite ready foh him. Be in dis evenin'.

ALMA.

(Showing concern.)

Duke? Do you mean the Archduke of Wiener Schnitzel?

CUTIE.

Yes'm. 'At's him.

ALMA.

Child, you don't know what you are saying. The Archduke is in Detroit. He was to join the royal party to-day. You must be mistaken.

CUTIE.

No'm. Can't be mistaken 'cause dere's a terrible powwow about it. Housekeeper and de help is all steamed up gettin' 'at front suite ready. Manager hisself came up and made 'em put a new mattress on de bed. Manager said, if 'at bed ain't jes' right, 'at ol' Duke liable to strain his international relations.

ALMA.

(Rising in agitation.)

Prince August must hear of this. If he is in this hotel, I will send for him. *(Starts right.)*

CUTIE.

Why don't you foam him?

ALMA.

(Turning.)

Of course. How stupid of me! *(Starts toward telephone, then stops.)* But I do not understand the machinery of this telephone.

CUTIE.

Mah goodness, Princess! Ain't you got no foams where you come from?

ALMA.

Of course we have phones—simple phones. One holds them in one's hand—so. *(Puts hand near her cheek.)* I do not understand this complicated affair.

CUTIE.

Do you want I should foam for you?

ALMA.

If you will be so kind.

CUTIE.

Ain't no trouble. What's 'at party's name?

ALMA.

August, Crown Prince of Strudelburg.

CUTIE.

(Goes to phone and lifts receiver. After a moment's pause, she jiggles hook.)

Come on; snap out of it! Is you in a trance? *(Pauses.)* Is zat so? Well, do you know who you is sassin'? You is sassin' Her Royal Highness, de Crown Princess of Deleria. *(Pauses.)* Yes'm, 'at's whom is speakin'. De Crown Princess Alma of Deleria desiahs to speak wit' de Crown Prince August' of Straddlebug, an' make it snappy. *(Turns to ALMA, handing her the phone.)* Heah you is, Princess. You puts 'at to your mouf and talks, and you puts 'at to your years and hears; and de party at de other end does de rest. *(ALMA takes phone. CUTIE continues to dust.)*

ALMA.

(At phone.)

Who is this? *(Pauses.)* Alma speaking. Something terrible has happened. The Archduke is coming here. *(Pauses.)* Yes; to this hotel. *(Pauses.)* I know we can't help it. But what is going to happen when he finds out that you and I are—? *(Stops speaking and turns to CUTIE.)* You may go, child.

CUTIE.

Yes'm. I knows it. I des' give it a lick and a promise now. I'll finish dustin' when I makes up de beds. *(Exit at center door.)*

ALMA.

(Resumes phoning.)

What is Gottlieb going to say when he finds out that you and I are married? *(Pauses.)* I know, it isn't in the newspapers yet, but it will be. The reporters are swarming like bees around this hotel. *(Pauses.)* All right, dear; I'll wait for you. Can you come up at once? *(Pauses.)* Well, just as soon as you can. *(She hangs up receiver and places phone back on desk. She comes down center. As she does so, the doorbell rings. Thinking that it is the telephone, she goes back to desk.)*

TERESA enters, right.

TERESA.

It isn't the telephone, Highness. It's the doorbell. *(Goes to center door and opens it.)*

JUNE enters. *She carries a portable typewriter.*

JUNE.

Is this the apartment of the Princess Alma?

TERESA.

Yes; enter. *(To ALMA.)* Highness, this is the typist I spoke of: Miss Stenographer.

JUNE.

Stenographer isn't my name; it's my business. My name is Callahan—June Callahan.

ALMA.

You look intelligent; are you?

JUNE.

Very.

ALMA.

And discreet?

JUNE.

If you mean can I do my work and keep my mouth shut, I can.

ALMA.

You will make an excellent private secretary. You may commence at once.

JUNE.

Just a minute. How about the salary?

ALMA.

How much are you earning now?

JUNE.

I have no set salary. I am a public stenographer and—

ALMA.

I will double your earnings—whatever they are.

JUNE.

(Setting down her typewriter.)

Here is where a public stenographer turns into a private secretary.

(Exit TERESA, right.)

ALMA.

You may as well begin on these letters. *(Points to basket. Sits on divan.)*

JUNE.

(Seeing basket for first time.)

Some mail. You must be popular. Do you get that much every morning?

ALMA.

Every morning since I've been in America. You don't have princesses over here. I'm a novelty.

JUNE.

(*Crossing to basket.*)

How am I to answer these?

ALMA.

You must use your own judgment to a great extent. There will be many letters of welcome. Thank the writers. (JUNE makes notes on pad which she takes from her pocketbook.) To all invitations send regrets.

JUNE.

Yes.

ALMA.

There are usually a large number of begging letters. I have no money, so refer them to mother. She has none, either, but she will answer their letters, and they can sell her autograph.

JUNE.

Yes.

ALMA.

There will be a great many bills. Throw them in the waste-paper basket.

JUNE.

Yes.

ALMA.

All offers of marriage must be regretfully declined.

JUNE.

Yes.

ALMA.

If there are any envelopes bearing heraldic devices, you—

JUNE.

Bearing what?

ALMA.

I forgot. You do not have them in America. I mean escutcheons.

JUNE.

I know; coat of arms. Here's one now. (*Takes letter from basket.*) It's a dog eating a fish.

ALMA.

That is the lion and dolphin device of Gottlieb, Archduke of Wiener Schnitzel. Open his letters and read them. No matter what he wants, the answer is no.

JUNE.

(*Taking notes.*)

I see; Gottlieb gets the gate.

ALMA.

If you find any with a device of two leopards on a field of ermine, do not open them, please. That is August's coat of arms. I will answer his letters myself.

JUNE.

August must be the boy friend.

ALMA.

Pardon?

JUNE.

I say August must be the sweetie.

ALMA.

Do you mean sweetheart?

JUNE.

Yes.

ALMA.

But how clever of you! How could you guess it?

JUNE.

(*Rising.*)

Easy. I think that I can manage the letters all right. Where do you want me to work?

ALMA.

Teresa will show you. (*Calls.*) Teresa!

JUNE.

If there is anything you wish to dictate, I can take it now and type it later.

ALMA.

There is nothing— Wait! A telegram to my mother.

TERESA appears at right door.

TERESA.

You called, Highness.

ALMA.

Take the letters and the typewriting machine and put them on the desk in the next room.

TERESA.

Very well, Highness. (*Picks up basket and typewriter.*)

JUNE.

(*Sitting down.*)

Shoot!

(*Exit TERESA by right door.*)

ALMA.

(*Dictates.*)

"Dearest Mother—"

JUNE.

Is that necessary? This is a telegram, and words cost money.

ALMA.

How much will it cost to say, "Dearest Mother"?

JUNE.

About four cents.

ALMA.

Let it stand. Politeness is cheap at two cents a word. (*Dictates.*) "I ran away because I did not wish to meet the Archduke. I can never marry him. I am in good health and need money." (*To JUNE.*) Stop! Strike out the last three words. Mother knows that if I am in good health I need money. Besides, she wouldn't send it, anyway. That is all. Sign "Alma."

JUNE.

How do I address the wire? "Queen Louise of Deleria?"

ALMA.

Yes. (*There is a knocking at center door: three slow raps, followed by three quick ones. ALMA rises hurriedly.*) It is August! (*To JUNE.*) Will you go, please? I would welcome him alone.

JUNE.

Of course. (*Rises hastily and goes to right door.*) Where am I to send this wire?

ALMA.

(*Thoughtfully.*)

Let me see. To-day the Queen should be unveiling a monument in a city called Chicago. It is in the state of Michigan.

JUNE.

Yes? They must have moved it again. (*Exit, right.*)

The knocking is repeated. ALMA goes quickly to door center and throws it open. AUGUST enters.

AUGUST.

Alma!

ALMA.

August! (*They rush into an embrace and kiss. They disengage, and ALMA closes the door.*) Why have you stayed away so long, dear one? It seems months since we parted.

AUGUST.

(*Going down left.*)

It seems years to me. As a matter of fact, it is only nine hours.

ALMA.

Where were you all night? (*Comes down.*) I was almost distracted.

AUGUST.

Dear heart, it's quite a story. Be seated. (*ALMA sits on divan. AUGUST sits beside her.*) Immediately after we were married, I went up the little village street, as you know, to get my car, while you remained in the refreshment booth.

ALMA.

I remained there till long after dark. Then I grew frightened and came back to the city. Why did you not return?

AUGUST.

I couldn't. I was arrested.

ALMA.

Arrested?

AUGUST.

Yes; for parking my car in front of a hydrant.

ALMA.

Is that a crime?

AUGUST.

It would seem so. They put me in their little jail house and kept me there all night. Imagine my feelings! This morning I was taken before the village officials and fined sixty-three dollars and seventeen cents.

ALMA.

Why such an irregular figure?

AUGUST.

That is all I had with me. When I was released, I hastened back to New York and engaged the suite next to you. (*Rises.*) See; this is my door. (*Goes to door at left.*) I unlock it on my side, and you unlock it on your side. (*Unlocks door and swings it open.*) Could anything be more convenient?

ALMA.

It is a very clever idea, August; but have you forgotten what I told you? The Archduke has booked rooms in this very hotel.

AUGUST.

Yesterday that news would have worried me, but to-day it does not. We are married. The Archduke is too late. (*Sits beside ALMA.*)

ALMA.

Not too late to make trouble.

AUGUST.

What can he do?

ALMA.

Nothing here; but he can make lots of trouble back home. It has been understood for years that there would be an alliance between the two houses. Now that I can't marry him, he may make it a pretext for declaring war on Deleria. He is always pushing across our borders.

AUGUST.

He had better look after his own borders. Kolinsky the Commoner has appeared in Wiener Schnitzel. If the Archduke doesn't watch his own

affairs more closely, he is going to have a revolution on his hands.

ALMA.

I'm afraid of him. I always have been afraid of him. I used to dream about him: a great giant, striding—

AUGUST.

(*Laughs.*)

Giant! You have never seen the Archduke; have you?

ALMA.

No.

AUGUST.

He's a little fat man with a turned-up mustache. Don't worry about him, dear. He is not going to find out we are married. The ceremony took place in an obscure village and was performed by a magistrate who hasn't the slightest idea who we really are.

ALMA.

August, are you sure that it is legal?

AUGUST.

Of course.

ALMA.

I mean: Has that man a right to marry us?

AUGUST.

That man has a right to do anything. It was he who fined me sixty dollars this morning. Now don't worry about the legality of it. Practically everyone in America is licensed to perform marriages,

from the mayor of the city down to the man who owns the corner drug store.

ALMA.

How odd!

AUGUST.

How handy! Come, dear; let us forget everything disagreeable, including the Archduke. We are going to have a quiet honeymoon.

ALMA.

(*Ruefully.*)

Not quiet, August. Anything but quiet. I have been bombarded with flowers, letters, telegrams, telephones, and reporters all morning. The American people are lovely, and America is a beautiful country, but it isn't the place for a quiet honeymoon.

AUGUST.

It isn't the country, my dear. If it were my man and your maid who were married, they could hide away in some quiet spot, and no one would ever disturb them.

ALMA.

(*Eagerly.*)

August, why couldn't we do that?

AUGUST.

Do what?

ALMA.

Be a man and a maid—Fritz and Teresa, and hide away in some quiet spot?

AUGUST.

Incog.?

ALMA.

Yes. Mr. and Mrs. Smultz.

AUGUST.

It is a bright idea, but like most bright ideas, it won't work. If these good people make all this fuss (*waves hands at flowers*) about your mere appearance, what do you suppose they would do if you disappeared?

ALMA.

They needn't know. While you and I were away impersonating Fritz and Teresa, they could remain here and impersonate us.

AUGUST.

(*Jumping up.*)

You're right, Alma. It might be done. They could remain in these apartments and refuse to see anyone.

ALMA.

(*Excitedly jumping up.*)

Of course!

AUGUST.

I'll see Fritz; you talk to Teresa. I'll go at once.
(*Starts toward left door.*)

ALMA.

(*Catching his arm.*)

Wait! I forgot.

AUGUST.

Forgot what?

ALMA.

(*Despairingly.*)

I can't go anywhere without Teresa. I never could get along without a maid.

AUGUST.

If I can get along without Fritz, you ought to get along without Teresa.

ALMA.

That's different.

AUGUST.

Why?

ALMA.

Because it is.

AUGUST.

(*Sternly.*)

Alma, do you mean to say that you are going to let this beautiful plan fall through because you won't go without a maid?

ALMA.

Don't be tragic, dear. I have another plan. I'll get some one else to remain here and impersonate me. Anyone can be a princess, but it takes a clever person to be a maid. Hurry, dear. (*Shoves him left.*) Make your arrangements with Fritz. I will attend to the rest.

AUGUST.

But—

ALMA.

Don't argue. Hurry! (*She pushes him out of*

left door, then runs over to door right, calls.)
Teresa!

TERESA.

(Calling, off right.)

Yes, Highness.

ALMA goes to center. TERESA appears in door at right.

ALMA.

Tell Miss Stenographer I wish to speak to her.
(TERESA is about to exit, right.) And Teresa—
(TERESA turns back.) Pack my overnight bag.
Where is the little steamer box?

TERESA.

It has not been sent up yet. I will telephone and—
(Starts toward phone.)

ALMA.

No, no; you attend to the packing. I will telephone. Make arrangements for a week's stay.

TERESA.

Yes, Highness. Shall I buy the railway tickets?

ALMA.

No. There will be a man with us; he will attend to that.

TERESA.

Yes, Highness. *(About to exit, hesitates.)* ALMA takes up phone.) Pardon, Highness.

ALMA.

What is it?

TERESA.

Does the man travel with you or with me?

ALMA.

He travels with me.

TERESA.

Yes, Highness. (*Exit, right.*)

ALMA.

(*Speaking into phone.*)

Princess Alma speaking. There is a little steamer box which arrived with my other boxes yesterday. Will you have it sent up at once, please? (*Pauses.*) Thank you. (*She hangs up receiver and turns.*)

JUNE enters, right.

JUNE.

You wished to speak to me? (*Comes to center.*)

ALMA.

(*Comes to JUNE.*)

Yes. Miss— (*Hesitates.*)

JUNE.

Callahan.

ALMA.

Miss Callahan, you said that you were a person of discretion. Here is a chance for you to prove it. Something has happened which makes it imperative that I should leave the city at once. It concerns—politics—international politics.

JUNE.

Yes.

ALMA.

It must not be known that I have left the hotel.
So I want you to stay here and take my place.

JUNE.

(*Astonished.*)

What do you mean?

ALMA.

I mean that I want you to remain here as the
Princess Alma—to impersonate me.

JUNE.

How could I do that? We don't look in the least
alike.

ALMA.

There isn't a soul in New York who knows me per-
sonally.

JUNE.

But your pictures. They were in all the papers.

ALMA.

(*With contempt.*)

Newspaper pictures! You saw them; didn't you?

JUNE.

Yes.

ALMA.

Did you recognize me when you first entered this
room?

JUNE.

No.

ALMA.

You see?

JUNE.

But I wouldn't know what to do—how to act. I know nothing about this princess business.

ALMA.

You don't have to know. You are quick-witted and intelligent. I could trust your judgment. I know that you could do it.

JUNE.

Well, perhaps I could get away with it. But the question is, do I want to? The whole business looks rather phony to me.

ALMA.

(Puzzled.)

Phony?

JUNE.

Shady; crooked. It looks as if you were trying to wish something on me that isn't on the level.

ALMA.

(Haughtily.)

You are impertinent! We are not accustomed to having our motives impugned.

JUNE.

Well, I'm telling you how it looks to me. Up till now, I've never been mixed up in politics, and so far I've kept out of jail.

ALMA.

(Turning away.)

We are not interested.

JUNE.

I was hired as a private secretary and—

ALMA.

(Abruptly.)

We have made a mistake. You may go. *(Crosses to left.)*

JUNE.

I can do that, too. *(Turns as if to exit right, changes her mind, and turns back.)* Listen. You've got no right to ritz me this way. You sent for me; I didn't ask you for anything. What's the idea, anyway? You put up this queer proposition, and because I say it sounds fishy, right away you get plural.

ALMA.

(Turning to her.)

You are right. It is my fault. I'm sorry. I was not honest with you. It is not politics, it is love.

JUNE.

(Surprised.)

Love?

ALMA.

Yes. *(Doubtfully.)* You know about love?

JUNE.

(Dryly.)

I've heard of it. That is the one thing we do have in America. Is the boy friend mixed up in this?

ALMA.

Yes.

JUNE.

That's different.

ALMA.

If you will help me we will be very happy; if not—! (*Makes a despairing gesture.*)

JUNE.

Why didn't you say that in the first place? Sure I'll help you—that is, I'll do the best I can.

ALMA.

(*Joyfully.*)

Thank you, my dear. You are very kind. Your salary will be—

JUNE.

Just the same as it is now. There's no extra charge. I'll have to go home and put on my other dress. I can't feel like a princess in this potato sack.

ALMA.

You may wear any of my dresses. If they have to be altered, Teresa will attend to it. Come. (*She takes JUNE's arm, and they both start right. The doorbell rings.*) That exasperating phone again! Ask Teresa to show you the gowns. (*Exit JUNE, right. ALMA crosses up left to phone and takes off receiver.*) Hello!

TERRY.

(*Answering, off center.*)

Hello.

ALMA.

(*Thinking that the voice comes over the phone.*)
Who is this?

TERRY.

(*Off center.*)

It's the man wit' the thrunk.

He opens center door and enters. He is carrying a very small steamer trunk on his left shoulder. He stands looking straight down stage. Does not see ALMA as the trunk hides her from view. She has her back toward him and does not know that he has entered.

ALMA.

(*Still speaking into phone.*)

I do not understand; who are you?

TERRY.

Me name is Rafferty—Terry Rafferty.

ALMA.

I do not know anyone by the name of Rafferty.

TERRY.

'Tis your misfortune.

ALMA.

What do you want?

TERRY.

I want to know what you want done wit' the wee thrunk.

ALMA.

Send it up.

TERRY.

It is up. I want to put it down.

ALMA.

I haven't the vaguest idea what you are talking

about, and I can waste no more time. Send the trunk up at once. (*She hangs up receiver and turns. As she does so she sees TERRY for the first time and gives a startled exclamation. She comes down stage.*) Who are you?

TERRY.

(*Sees her for the first time.*)

Me name is Rafferty—Terry Rafferty. Do we have to go over all that ag'in?

ALMA.

Are you the man I was just speaking to?

TERRY.

I am.

ALMA.

(*Sharply.*)

Then how comes it you are here?

TERRY.

I dinnow how comes it. Listen, missus: Is this anny time to be askin' riddles? Where do you want the thrunk put?

ALMA.

Put it in the next room. (*Points right.*)

(*TERRY crosses to door right and opens it. There are two startled feminine screams heard off right and he hastily closes the door again.*)

TERRY.

(*Turning to ALMA.*)

Ay, Gerry! Missus, you should be more careful where you're tillin' a man to go. Sure, there's two ladies in there, and wan of thim do be dressin'.

ALMA.

(*Shortly.*)

I forgot. Put it over there. (*Points left. TERRY goes left and is about to put trunk down.*) No; I can't have it there, either. It would block that door. Put it up here. (*Points up center. TERRY takes trunk up center and is about to put it down once more.*) Wait! Perhaps I shouldn't have had the box brought up, after all. If I am going to take it with me, it will have to go right down again.

TERRY.

Anny way you say, missus; but make up your mind.

AUGUST *enters at left door. He looks worried.*

ALMA.

August! (*Quickly goes to him.*) What is the matter?

AUGUST.

We shall have to give up the plan.

ALMA.

Won't Fritz do it?

AUGUST.

He was eager to do it—too eager. I saw a crafty look in his eyes when I broached the subject to him. Fritz is a good valet, but he is unscrupulous.

ALMA.

What of it?

AUGUST.

Don't you realize what a man without scruples

could do in such a situation? He could ruin me politically and financially. Fritz is far too clever to be given a free hand.

ALMA.

Then you will have to get some one else. I have arranged everything with the typist. Now you must do your part.

AUGUST.

I am as anxious about it as you are, Alma. If I can find a man who is not too clever—a man who is what the Americans call dumb—

(TERRY, who has been patiently standing with the trunk on his shoulder all through this scene, now makes a slight movement. ALMA and AUGUST look toward him. ALMA holds the position a moment, then quickly goes up to TERRY.)

ALMA.

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have had the trunk brought up. Can you carry it back?

TERRY.

Sure. I could carry it annywheres afther the nice long rest I had. (*Turns as if to exit by center door.*)

AUGUST.

(*Quickly.*)

One moment. (TERRY turns back again.) You may put the box down.

TERRY.

Ay, Gerry! That's the best news I've heard in some toime. (*Sets trunk against back wall left of door.*)

ALMA.

(*Surprised.*)

But August—!

AUGUST.

(*Quickly.*)

This is the very man we need. He has all of the requirements, including stupidity.

ALMA.

(*Doubtfully.*)

Yes; but there might be danger in having too much of it.

AUGUST.

We shall have to risk it. I'll talk to him. You go ahead with your preparations. We will leave as soon as you are ready.

ALMA.

(*Crossing right.*)

Where are we going?

AUGUST.

I am not certain yet. What difference does it make, as long as we are together?

ALMA.

None whatever, dear. (*At right door.*) Tip the man for carrying up the trunk. (*Exit, right.*)

(*AUGUST takes dime from pocket and hands it to TERRY, who looks at it in disgust.*)

TERRY.

A dime! Wan slim dime! (*To AUGUST.*) I hope you can spare this. You can tell the lady that the next time she wants some wan to take her thrunk

out for a stroll she'll have to get another man.
(*Starts for center door.*)

AUGUST.

Wait! Is the tip insufficient? I do not know the value of American money.

TERRY.

You're l'arnin' fast. Wan slim dime!

AUGUST.

Here. (*Gives him a bill.*) Is that better?

TERRY.

Much better, sir.

AUGUST.

Sit down. I want to talk to you. (TERRY *sits on divan.*) Do you know who I am?

TERRY.

I do not.

AUGUST.

I am August, Crown Prince of Strudelburg.

TERRY.

(*Startled.*)

Th' hell you are! Sure, I niver suspected it, your Honor; and me sittin' down wit' me hat on and all, in the prisince of r'yalty! (*Removes his hat and starts to rise.*)

AUGUST.

Remain seated. I have a proposition to make to you. I am going away for a few days, and I want you to take my place here to act as my proxy—to

impersonate me. In fact I want you to be Prince August of Strudelburg. Could you do it?

TERRY.

I could do it like a duck. Sure, if I hadn't left the ould country, 'tis likely I'd been a prince mesilf be this toime.

AUGUST.

You must remain in the next room. (*Points left.*) If anyone wishes to see you, say that you are indisposed and can see no one.

TERRY.

Sure, I'd have to see the help in the hotel. They'd know me; and annywan could take wan look at me and know I wasn't you.

AUGUST.

Have your meals sent up to your apartment. See no one. Do you understand?

TERRY.

I understand that. Why you'd be wantin' me to do it is what I can't understand.

AUGUST.

I will pay you twenty dollars a day. Can you understand that?

TERRY.

I can. Whin do I start?

AUGUST.

Now.

TERRY.

Fine. How long does the job last?

AUGUST.

A week.

TERRY.

(*Rising.*)

Fair enough. I'll just shlip home and till me wife that—

AUGUST.

You will tell your wife nothing. Can't you understand? This matter is a secret.

TERRY.

Sure, your Honor, I couldn't shtay away over night wit'out explainin' things to me wife.

AUGUST.

Telephone her. Say that you won't be home for a week. That's all the explanation she will require.

TERRY.

(*Dryly.*)

Is it, now? Ay, Gerry! 'Tis aisy seen you've niver been married.

AUGUST.

It is all the explanation any reasonable woman would—

TERRY.

Raysonable woman! Did you iver know a raysonable woman? If you did, I can till you this much—it was not me wife, Maggie.

AUGUST.

This affair must be done my way, if it is done at all.

TERRY.

All right, your Honor. I'll do it that way. I'll do it, but I'll rue it. Should I not have some other clothes? 'Tis not likely a prince would be prancin' around in overalls.

AUGUST.

You will see no one, so it can make little difference. However, if you feel that you must dress the character, there are a dozen suits of clothes and a half dozen military uniforms in the next room. You may have your choice. (*Goes to left door.*)

TERRY.

(*Crossing after him.*)

I always look well in a uniform. Have you by any chance got a crown, size six and seven eight's? (*Exeunt AUGUST and TERRY, left.*)

CUTIE *opens door at center, looks about room, then goes to right door, opens it, and calls.*

CUTIE.

Hey, hey, Princess!

ALMA *enters, right. She wears a coat, hat, and veil, and carries a hand bag.*

ALMA.

What is it, child? (*Comes right of CUTIE.*)

CUTIE.

I got 'portant news. I notices how you got all steamed up when you hears me mention 'bout 'at Archduke.

ALMA.

Well?

CUTIE.

Well, he's yere now.

ALMA.

(*Anxiously.*)

The Archduke is in this hotel?

CUTIE.

Yes'm. He arrive' fo' hours ahead of his squid-jule.

ALMA.

(*Puzzled.*)

Pardon?

CUTIE.

He was squidjuled to arrive at five o'clock, and he gets yere at one. My, my, but 'at man sure struts hisself! He got a flock of cars and mo' baggage 'en a minstrel show.

ALMA.

Did you see him? ~~What is he like?~~

CUTIE.

~~He ain't much. Li'l' ol' fat man wif an ingrown~~
~~muffstache.~~ He's on dis floor.

ALMA.

(*Opening bag.*)

I must hurry. It was kind of you, child, to tell me. (*Gives CUTIE money, which she takes from bag.*)

CUTIE.

(Taking coin.)

'At's all right. *(Goes up to center door.)* Nobody goin' to put nothin' over on you, whiles I'm yere. Minute I sees 'at ole Archduke archdukin' into de hotel, I says to myself, "I'm boun' to tell 'at Princess about it, 'cause her an' me is buddies."
(Exit CUTIE, up center.)

ALMA quickly goes to door left and raps on it, then returns to center. AUGUST enters, left. He has his hat in his hand and a light overcoat over his arm.

ALMA.

(Hurriedly.)

Gottlieb is here—in this hotel, on this floor. We must get away at once.

AUGUST.

Everything is arranged. We can leave as soon as you are ready.

ALMA.

I am ready now.

AUGUST.

(Going up to phone.)

I will send for a porter to take the box.

ALMA.

No. We must leave it.

TERESA enters, right. She is wearing a coat and hat. She stands at attention below door, with a slight smile on her lips.

TERESA.

(*Gravely announcing.*)

Her Royal Highness, Alma, Crown Princess of Deleria and Minor-Delusia.

JUNE enters, right. She is wearing a magnificent court costume, and holds herself with great dignity, going to center with a stately carriage.

ALMA.

(*Delighted.*)

August, isn't she wonderful?

AUGUST.

She is indeed.

ALMA.

(*Going to JUNE.*)

My dear, the effect is magnificent. You look every inch a princess.

JUNE.

I feel every inch a moving picture.

ALMA.

(*Smiling.*)

Princess, let me present Prince August—the boy friend. (AUGUST and JUNE bow.) Quick, Teresa, the bags. We leave at once.

TERESA.

Yes, Highness. (*Exit quickly, right.*)

ALMA.

(*To JUNE.*)

Adieu, Princess. I will return in a week. I am

leaving everything in your hands. You have judgment and tact. You will manage.

JUNE.

I'll do my darnedest.

ALMA.

And you will succeed. I know you will do nothing which might embarrass me later.

TERESA enters, right, carrying two bags.

ALMA.

Come, August. (*Goes up center. AUGUST opens door. Exeunt ALMA and TERESA. He turns.*)

AUGUST.

(*To JUNE.*)

Adieu, Princess.

JUNE.

Good-bye. (*AUGUST bows and exits. JUNE calls after him.*) Have a good time.

(*JUNE stands a moment smoothing her dress and looking back at her train. She walks about stage watching the effect. She crosses down right, raising her lorgnette and gazing about in a supercilious manner. She apparently recognizes some acquaintance, for she nods graciously and smiles.*)

The left door is thrown open, and TERRY appears. He also, has undergone a transformation. He has on all of the uniform of the hussars, except the trousers, and he still wears his overalls.

JUNE has her back to him when he first enters; she

turns and sees him. The smile fades from her face, and she starts in surprise.

JUNE.

(After a pause.)

Where's the parade?

TERRY.

What?

JUNE.

Nothing. What do you want?

TERRY.

(Coming to center a few paces.)

Are you the Princess Alma of Deleria and Minor-Delusia?

JUNE.

That's what they tell me.

TERRY.

Well, the young lad that did be here awhile back gave me instructions to look afther you—to see is there annythin' you want. Is there annythin' you want?

JUNE.

Nothing I can think of just now. (TERRY turns away.) Wait! There is, too. It's after one, and I haven't had my lunch.

TERRY.

'Tis aisily rictified. *(Goes to phone.)* What'll you have? *(Picks up phone, facing down stage.)*

JUNE.

Anything—just so it's light and tasty.

TERRY.

(*In phone.*)

Hello! (*Pauses.*) Sind wan of the b'ys over to Mike the Greek's and have him get two hot dogs. (*Pauses.*) Yis, wit' plenty of mustard. This is the Crown Princess Alma sp'akin'—and a dill pickle. (*Hangs up receiver.*)

JUNE.

(*Dryly.*)

You needn't have told him who was speaking. He would know it was me, the minute he heard your voice.

TERRY.

I tould him that to be diplomatic. He might be wonderin' what a man was doin' in this room.

JUNE.

That's what I'm wondering myself. Who are you, anyway?

TERRY.

Who am I? Sure, I'm the Crown Prince of Strudelburg.

JUNE.

(*In surprise.*)

Another prince! Heavens! The woods are full of princes.

TERRY.

Yis. We're more popular here than we are back where we belong.

JUNE.

Sit down, Prince. You must stay and have a bite

with me. (*JUNE goes to buffet and opens drawer.*)

TERRY.

I'll do that same. I've been so busy wit' affairs of state all mornin' I've not had toime to ate. (*He sits left. JUNE takes tablecloth from drawer and spreads it on table.*)

JUNE.

How is the political situation in Strudelburg, your Highness?

TERRY.

The political situation is punk. What wit' the lower classes tryin' to get the upper hand of the upper classes, and the army and navy hollerin' for their pay ivery Saturday night, and the failure of the potato crop, sure, I don't know which way to turn. If it don't pick up pretty soon, I'll have to stharta another war.

JUNE.

(*At buffet.*)

We must have ice. Will you ring for some, Prince, while I go wash my hands?

TERRY.

I will. (*He rises and goes to phone. Exit JUNE, right. TERRY speaks into mouthpiece of phone.*) Hello! Sind up some ice. Yis, ice, and have it cold. (*Hangs up and comes down left of center.*)

The door up center is thrown violently open and
POPOPOLUS *appears.*

POPOPOLUS.

(*Speaking like a barker in a dime museum.*)

Lady and gentlemen: I take deese opportunita

to introducing to you deese well known Greek patriot and hero, Ignatius Popopolus!

TERRY.

Look what blew in! (*To POPOPOLUS.*) What do you want and where is the Greek patriot you're afther introducin'?

POPOPOLUS.

(*Closing door and coming down stage.*)

I—me—myself are the Greek patriot and hero. Maybe you don't t'ink he's me. Maybe you don't t'ink I'm Greek on account I spiggot such good English langwidge? Da way I got dat way is deese: For von years I'm taken da commercial course from corresponding school. And so are why I spiggot so good. Trusting dat deese is expanationed to your satisfactory, I remain yours very truly.

TERRY.

Well, now that you have such a strangle hold on the English language, perhaps you can tell us what you want.

POPOPOLUS.

I'm make da business call on Hees Highness da Prince August von Strudelburg.

TERRY.

Well, me lad, you've come to the right place. I am Prince August.

POPOPOLUS.

You are the Prince August von Strudelburg? De Crown Prince?

TERRY.

I am. I've laid aside me crown for the moment, owin' to the exthreme heat.

POPOPOLUS.

So! Now I will tol' you who I am: Ignatius Popopolus, president of da Association for da Assassination of Royalties. (TERRY gives an alarmed start.) Ha! You jump! You jump like you was stung by da bizz.

TERRY.

Ay, Gerry! I don't like the name of that society. Why did you come here?

POPOPOLUS.

I have come here to kill you. (*Takes large revolver from his pocket.*)

TERRY.

(*Alarmed.*)

Here, here, put that away. Have you no sinse? (*Tries to evade the gun which POPOPOLUS points at him.*) Is that thing loaded?

POPOPOLUS.

He's loaded seex time. If da first bullet he's not keel you, den I shoot odder five. Setisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

TERRY.

Listen, Ignatz: Let's talk this over. What harm have I iver done you?

POPOPOLUS.

What harm? I will tol' you. Me, I was borned in da old countries. Maybe you not t'ink I was

borned in old countries on account I spiggot such good langwidge—

TERRY.

I'll take your word for it.

POPOPOLUS.

I was live on farm on Mount Spagatus. See! Here is Mount Spagatus. (*Puts his fez on floor.*) See; here is my farm. (*Points to top of fez.*) See; here is kingdom of Delerius. (*Points with foot in front of fez.*) Here is duchy of Wiener Schnitzel. (*Points right of fez.*) Here is principality of Strudelburg.

TERRY.

You're right in amongst thim, so to speak.

POPOPOLUS.

Yes; but deese farm he's not in any country. He's by heemself on top-a da mount. I raise-a da goat and make-a da cheese. Dat's a fine biz.

TERRY.

It is, indade. There's money in cheese.

POPOPOLUS.

Den dat troub' he's commence. Da tex men from Queen Louise he's come to collect de tex. I say I not got to pay tex. But he not listen to me; he take-a da cheese. Den odder tex men from Archduke Gottlieb von Wiener Schnitzel he come and take-a da goat. Den odder tex men from August, your papa, Prince von Strudelburg, he come take-a da whole damn farm—ruin da biz. Me, I'm mad. My goodness, vot a mad I've got! I tear-a da clothes; I tear-a da hair. I say, "To hell wit' old countries!" and come to New Jersey.

TERRY.

Well, Ignatz, me lad, you sure had some tough breaks; but what's it got to do wit' me?

POPOPOLUS.

Vait! Deese happen von years ago to-day, da thirt'-a-first of July. Von long years I vait for revenge. Now he's come. All royaltjes is in America. First I shoot-a you, den I shoot-a da Princess Alma, den I shoot-a da Archduke Gottlieb.

TERRY.

But listen, Ignatz: Why should you shoot me for somethin' me r'yal father August the First done to you?

POPOPOLUS.

I shoot-a dem all. I keel August da Second first, den August da First, second.

TERRY.

Sure, that's no system. You should take thim alphabitically.

POPOPOLUS.

Enough. I shall shoot you as per contract. Should you vish I should shoot you in da head or in odder places, a prompt reply vill be appreciated.

TERRY.

I have no ch'ice. Ay, Gerry, it looks as if the last of July is goin' to be the last of August.

POPOPOLUS.

Are you ready? (*Raises gun.*)

TERRY.

I am not. I'm far from it.

JUNE *enters, right.*

JUNE.

(*In surprise.*)

What's going on here? What are you doing with that gun?

POPOPOLUS.

(*Turning.*)

Oxcuse, pliss. Who iss deese lady?

JUNE.

I am the Princess Al—

TERRY.

(*In alarm.*)

Sthop! For the love of hivin, say no more. L'ave me make the inthroduction in a dacint manner. Ignatz, as the lady was about to say, she is the Princess Alma's hired girl, and her name is Mary Smultz. Miss Smultz, this is me fri'nd Ignatz, the Grake pathriot and hero. Ignatz is takin' the afternoon off to do a little shootin', and among the first two he's goin' to shoot is mesilf and the Princess Alma—the lady you are wur-rukin' for. (*He taps his head and speaks in loud whisper.*) He's bugs.

POPOPOLUS.

(*Looks at watch.*)

Oxcuse, pliss, I should shoot you in presence of deese lady, but oddervise I should miss my train. Yours in haste.

TERRY.

I'd hate to have you miss your train on my account.

POPOPOLUS.

I vill make-a da count—von, two, t'ree. Ven I say, "t'ree," I pull da trig'. (*Raises gun.*) Von!

TERRY.

Hould on, Ignatz! I'll confiss all. I am not the Prince—

POPOPOLUS.

Two!

TERRY.

Sthart the count ag'in. I wasn't riddy.

(*POPOPOLUS steadies the gun, about to make the third count. JUNE quickly takes tablecloth from table and steps up behind him.*)

POPOPOLUS.

T'ree!

(*As he utters the word, JUNE throws the cloth over his head, pulling it well down. This knocks the gun from POPOPOLUS' hand. He struggles inside the tablecloth, but JUNE holds it down.*)

TERRY.

Hould him, Princess! Hould him!

JUNE.

(*Still struggling.*)

Stop talking and lend me a hand.

TERRY.

L'ave me have him. (*He throws his arms about the enveloped POPOPOLUS, who struggles violently, making muffled exclamations.*) Aisy now, me bucko. 'Twill do you no good to sthuggle. I have you fine and fast. (*To JUNE.*) Pick up his fiz, me dear.

JUNE.
(*Puzzled.*)

His what?

TERRY.

His fiz—his hat. (JUNE *picks up fez.*) Put it on him. (She *puts fez on POPOPOLUS' head over table-cloth.*) Now open the dure. (She *runs to door at center and opens it.* TERRY *half pushes and half carries the struggling Greek to center door. He speaks as if dictating a letter.*) Dear Sir: Under siparate cover, we are sinding wan Grake pathriot and hero. Kindly acknowledge receipt of same and oblige yours very corjually. (Gives POPOPOLUS a violent shove, which sends him out of center door, then hastily closes and locks door. Wipes his forehead.) Ay, Gerry! Bein' a prince is strinuuous business.

JUNE.

Who is he?

TERRY.

He's some new kind of a nut. Claims he is Prisdint of the Association for the Assassination of R'yalties. You saved my life, and 'twas a brave deed—no liss.

JUNE.

What did you expect me to do? Stand there and see him shoot you? What makes him talk in that funny way?

TERRY.

He took a commercial course, and it's gone to his head.

JUNE.

It's the first time in my life that anyone wanted to shoot me. I'm beginning to be sorry I started this princess business.

TERRY.

Don't let it worry you, me dear girl. The door is locked. Ignatz can't get in here; that's wan thing sure.

JUNE.

And we can't go out there; that's another thing just as sure. (*A loud knock is heard at center door. JUNE continues quickly.*) He's back again.

TERRY.

(*Going up to center door and calling.*)

Get away from that dure, Ignatz, or I'll not be responsible for me actions.

MESSENGER'S VOICE.

(*Off center.*)

Hey, do you want those hot dogs or not?

TERRY.

'Tis the lad wit' the sandwiches. (*Opens the door cautiously.*) Shlip thim in, me lad. (*A tray is pushed through the opening. TERRY takes it and hands it to JUNE, who carries it to buffet.*) Thank you, me lad. (*Tries to close door.*)

MESSENGER'S VOICE.

(*Off center.*)

Hey! You got to sign for them dogs.

TERRY.

Are they rigistered or special delivery that I have

to sign for thim? (*Takes pad and pencil, which are thrust through the door.*) What will I sign?

MESSENGER'S VOICE.

(*Off center.*)

Sign your name, of course.

TERRY.

Ay, Gerry, what *is* me name? I forgot it durin' the excitement.

"Thirty days hath Siptimber,
April, June, and Dicimber,
But lape year comin' wance in four;
Fib'uary thin has wan day more."

August! That's it. Sure, I knew it was some month.

JUNE.

(*At buffet, turns startled.*)

August?

TERRY.

Sure; Prince August. (*Writes laboriously, spelling aloud.*) *P-r-i-n-t-s*, Prince, is me first name, and *O-g-u-s-t*, August, is me last name.

JUNE.

And spelling is your middle name.

TERRY.

Here you are, me lad. (*Hands pad and pencil through door and closes it.*)

JUNE.

Why didn't you tip the boy?

TERRY.

I make it a p'int niver to tip the wur-rukin' classes.

'Tis bad for discipline. (TERRY comes down left of center. JUNE crosses to him.)

JUNE.

Mister, I don't know who you are, but I do know who you are not. You are not Prince August.

TERRY.

(*Blustering.*)

What do you mane, I'm not Prince August? Are you tryin' to throw doubt on me r'yal intigrity?

JUNE.

(*Steadily.*)

You are not Prince August.

TERRY.

Ay, Gerry! Has it come to this, that I must prove me own idintity? Sure, I could show you me golden crown if I had it wit' me. What's the rayson I'm not Prince August?

JUNE.

If you were Prince August, I'd know it because I know Prince August; and if you were Prince August you'd know I'm not Princess Alma.

TERRY.

(*Hand to head.*)

Say that ag'in. It's a thrifle complicated.

JUNE.

I don't have to say it again. I know you are not the man.

TERRY.

(*Weakening.*)

Well, me dear, if you're going to be stubborn

about it I'll tell you confidentially, I'm not. - The Prince himself hired me to pinch hit for him.

JUNE.

Then there are two of us. (*Goes to buffet.*)

TERRY.

What?

JUNE.

Nothing. (*Taking tray and putting it on table.*)

TERRY.

How did you suspect I was not the Prince?

JUNE.

I could stand for a prince with an Irish brogue, but I couldn't swallow a prince that spells "August" with an o. What is your name?

TERRY.

Me name is Rafferty—Terry Rafferty.

JUNE.

Mine is Callahan. Draw up a chair and have a sandwich.

TERRY.

It's kind of you to mention it. (*Gets the small chair from in front of desk.*) I know some Callahans that do be livin' over in Jersey. You'd not be related to Matt Callahan that used to drive an engine on the D. & L.? (*Puts chair left of table and sits.*)

JUNE.

(*Sitting back of table.*)

We're slightly related. He's my father. (*Passes a sandwich to TERRY.*)

TERRY.

You don't tell me! Well, well, it's a queer world. Pass the mustard, Princess. (*She obeys, and he takes mustard.*) Sure, I know your father very well. Many's the toime I've carried him home, and vice versey. But I niver knew he had a daughter that was a princess.

JUNE.

Oh, snap out of it! I'm not a princess. I'm hired, just the same as you are. (*Eats sandwich.*)

TERRY.

What do you t'ink of that now! Sure, we're both in the same line of business. Is it the lady who was in here awhile back you are impersonatin'? (*JUNE nods her head, with her mouth full.*) Well, I'll say this much: You look more like a Princess thin she does. And you the daughter of Matt Callahan! He's often spoke about you. 'Tis in me mind he said somethin' about— You was goin' to be married to a lad on a newspaper; was you not?

JUNE.

(*Shortly.*)

I was, but I'm not.

TERRY.

The widdin' is off? Matt said nawthing about that.

JUNE.

He doesn't know. No one knows but myself.

TERRY.

And the lad you was goin' to marry.

JUNE.

He doesn't know it, either. He's in Atlantic City. But he'll know as soon as he gets back to his hotel and reads the letter I wrote him.

TERRY.

I see; 'tis a lovers' quarrel. Sure, you mustn't be too hard on the lad. Maybe he's a bit wild or some-thin' now, but he'll sittle down. By and by, he'll be rintin' a little flat and takin' a little wife.

JUNE.

(Gloomily.)

He's already taken a little wife. He took a little wife that belonged to another man and eloped to Atlantic City.

TERRY.

The scoundrel! Whin did it happen?

JUNE.

Yesterday. *(Puts down her sandwich.)* It was in the papers.

TERRY.

Maybe it's not thrue. You can't believe all you see in the papers.

JUNE.

(Showing emotion.)

It's true, all right. Of course he didn't give his right name but they printed his picture, and I—I couldn't be mistaken about that.

TERRY.

But me dear girl—

JUNE.

Please, Mr. Rafferty, don't say any more about it. It—it makes me want to—to cry. (*Turns her face away and wipes her eyes with the back of her hand.*)

(*There is a loud knock at center door.* TERRY jumps to his feet.)

TERRY.

Ignatz!

JUNE.

(*Rising.*)

Don't let him in.

TERRY.

Is it likely I would? (*Loudly.*) Get away from that door, Ignatz, or I'll call me r'yal bodyguard and have you shot at sunrise.

FOGARTY.

(*Speaking in loud voice off center.*)

Ice!

TERRY.

(*To JUNE.*)

It's the lad wit' the ice. (*Goes up center and calls through the door.*) Are you the lad wit' the ice?

FOGARTY.

I am.

TERRY.

Thin come in.

He opens center door, and FOGARTY enters, carrying a cake of ice in his hands. JUNE sees him, utters a startled exclamation, and turns her face away.

TERRY.

Put it in the ice chist in the room beyant. (*Points left.*)

FOGARTY.

I have an apology to make, sir. I am not an employée of the hotel. My name is Johnnie Fogarty, and I am on the staff of the *New York Morning Universe*. I have been trying all day to get an interview with Princess Alma. When I heard the clerk tell the bell hop to take ice up to this suite, I grabbed a chunk of ice and came in his place.

TERRY.

Well, you had your nerve! 'Tis the likes of you that makes life hard for the r'yalties. However, you can talk to the Princess; but make it short, because the Princess and me are in the midst of an important conferince.

FOGARTY.

You are very kind.

TERRY.

Don't mintion it. Princess Alma— (*Waves hand toward JUNE.*)

(FOGARTY bows low, still holding the ice. JUNE, realizing that she cannot escape without his seeing her, faces him boldly. FOGARTY, seeing her face for the first time, gazes in astonishment.)

FOGARTY.

June Callahan! (*Stammering.*) Wha-wha-what are you doing here?

JUNE.

(*Haughtily, to TERRY.*)

Who is this person?

TERRY.

'Tis a party be the name of Fogarty.

JUNE.

Tell him we don't want any ice to-day.

(JUNE turns away. For a moment, FOGARTY is too astounded to speak. Then he recovers.)

FOGARTY.

Well, of all the—! I'm going to find out what it's all about. Here! Take this. (*Shoves cake of ice into TERRY's hands and goes over to JUNE.*) Why are you in this hotel all dressed up like the queen of diamonds? What's the idea of this masquerade?

JUNE.

We are not accustomed to conversing with common persons who force their way into our private apartments. (*To TERRY.*) Show this gentleman the door.

FOGARTY.

He doesn't have to show me the door. I've seen it. I'm not going out of this room until I get an explanation.

JUNE.

(*Coldly.*)

What is it you wish explained?

FOGARTY.

(*Takes letter from his pocket.*)

Everything. When I left town a couple of days

ago on business, everything was jake, and you and I were to be married Thursday. When I returned this morning, I found this letter. Now what's it all about?

JUNE.

Can't you read?

FOGARTY.

Yes; I can read and I can write, and I can do fractions, but I can't make any sense out of this infernal letter. I never went to Atlantic City with an acrobat's wife. I never went to Atlantic City with anyone's wife. I never went to Atlantic City at all.

JUNE.

We are not interested. If you have concluded, you have permission to withdraw from our presence.

FOGARTY.

Oh, stop this foolishness! Can you look me in the eye and deny that you are June Callahan, daughter of Matt Callahan?

JUNE.

(Looks at him a moment, then turns away.)

We are fatigued.

FOGARTY.

(In exasperation.)

Well, this is the coolest proposition I was ever up against.

TERRY.

Did you iver thry houldin' a cake of ice?

(During the above dialogue TERRY has continued

to hold the block of ice. His fingers have been getting colder and colder, and he has tried to ease them in every possible way. This business is good for laughs, but it must be timed so as not to interfere with the dialogue.)

FOGARTY.

(With determination, going closer to JUNE.)

Listen to me, June. You are not going to get away with this bluff. I want to know why you are here at the most expensive hotel in the city in the company of this stuffed mango. *(Waves arm toward TERRY.)*

TERRY.

(Stunned with surprise.)

Sthuffed mango! L'ave me put this ice down!
(Throws ice on divan.)

FOGARTY.

(To JUNE.)

Who is he, anyway?

TERRY.

(To FOGARTY.)

I'll show you who I am. I'm the Prince of Strudelburg, and I'll take nawthin' from the likes of you.
(Goes toward FOGARTY.)

FOGARTY.

Prince of Strudelburg! You talk more like the King of Cork.

TERRY.

King or prince, I'll not be insulted be a newspaper squirt. Take back that sthuffed mango, or I'll make you ate it.

FOGARTY.

(Waving him away.)

Lie down, Prince. *(Turns to JUNE.)* Is this Irish prince any relation of yours?

JUNE.

If you won't go, we shall have to. *(Turns as if to exit, right.)*

FOGARTY.

(Quietly.)

You needn't do that, your Highness. I see that I have made a terrible mistake. I was misled by a striking resemblance. And now that I have had a better look at you, I see that the resemblance is not so striking, after all. If you will permit me to say it, Princess, you are much more beautiful than the girl I mistook you for. Her hair is slightly red, and her eyes have a tendency to squint. I hope that you will pardon my blunder and permit me to withdraw. *(Bows, then quickly whips a small camera from his pocket and, turning sharply on TERRY, points the camera at him.)*

TERRY.

(Mistaking camera for gun, throws both hands up.)

Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I'll take it back. *(FOGARTY snaps picture and quickly turns camera on JUNE.)*

JUNE.

Don't snap that picture. *(She covers her face with her hands, but she is too late. FOGARTY has her picture also.)*

FOGARTY.

(Bowling to TERRY.)

Good-bye, your Highness. *(Bows to JUNE.)*

Good-bye, your Serene Highness. And thanks very much for the pictures. And let me congratulate both of your extreme Highnesses on the happy event which occurred last evening. (*Goes up to center door.*)

TERRY.

"Happy ivint"? What do you mane?

FOGARTY.

(*Turning.*)

Is it possible that your Royal Highness has forgotten so soon? That's odd. However, you can read it in the *Morning Universe* to-morrow. The story will be on the first page; so will your pictures.

JUNE.

(*Sharply.*)

What story? What are you talking about?

FOGARTY.

(*Taking telegram from pocket.*)

Perhaps this will enlighten you. It is from a friend of mine, a magistrate in a small town on Long Island. He frequently slips me odd bits of news. (*Reads.*) "Condor, Long Island, July 31st. His Royal Highness, Prince August of Strudelburg, and Her Royal Highness, Princess Alma of Deleria, were married here last night."

JUNE.

(*Gasps.*)

Married! (*Sinks into armchair at left.*)

TERRY.

Lasht night! (*Sinks upon divan, left.*)

FOGARTY.

Permit me to wish the royal bride and bridegroom a long and prosperous married life and many happy returns of the day. (*Exit, up center.*)

TERRY.

Wait till Maggie hears about that! She'll murder me. I fale a cold shiver runnin' up me spine at the thought of it. (*TERRY rises suddenly and looks behind him; he has been sitting on the cake of ice.*)

CURTAIN

A BUSY HONEYMOON

SECOND ACT

SCENE: *Same as in previous act. The tray has been removed, and the flowers in the vases have been changed. It is the following morning about ten o'clock.*

At rise of curtain, TERRY is discovered asleep on divan. He is snoring loudly, and he has POPOPOLUS' revolver in his hand. After a pause, FOGARTY appears, at door left, which is open. He is carrying a tray with coffee pot, cups, and saucers, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, and a rack of toast. He stands a moment looking at TERRY, smiles, crosses to table at right, and sets down tray; then goes to TERRY and shakes him.

FOGARTY.

Hey, old timer! Wake up.

TERRY.

(Groaning, evidently in the midst of a nightmare.)

Maggie! For the love of hiven, I've go! *(He flourishes the revolver in his sleep.)*

FOGARTY.

(Dodging revolver, and hastily taking refuge behind divan.)

Come out of it. *(Shakes him again from over back of divan.)*

TERRY.

(Jumps to his feet, wildly pointing revolver in every direction.)

Sthand back, woman!

FOGARTY.

Put down that gun!

TERRY.

(Seeing FOGARTY for the first time.)

Is it you, Fogarty? My, my, I had a terrible nightmare! I t'ought me wife Maggie was here.

FOGARTY.

(Coming from behind divan.)

What do you think you are doing, anyway?

TERRY.

What do you suppose I'm doin'? The Princess is aslape in the room beyant, and I'm guardin' her wit' me life. How did you get in here? I locked that dure. *(Points up center.)*

FOGARTY.

Yes. But you didn't lock the door in the next room, and you left that one *(points left)* wide open. Anyone could have walked in while you were sleeping and—

TERRY.

Slapin'? What do you mane, slapin'? Sure, I haven't closed an eye the night. Do yez t'ink I'd so far forget me duty as the Prince of the House of Strudelburg?

FOGARTY.

Are you going to start that fluff again? I know who you are. You're Rafferty, and if you're the

prince of any house, it's the gas house. Now if you'll stop talking foolishness, I'll show you something that will interest you. (*Takes newspaper from his pocket and gives it to TERRY.*)

TERRY.

(*Pleased.*)

Ay, Gerry! 'Tis me picture. And a good likeness, at that. I look every inch a Prince in me uniform and all. This would be the snapshot you took yisterday, no doubt.

FOGARTY.

It is.

TERRY.

(*Looking over paper.*)

But where is the picture of the Princess? Did you not have that printed?

FOGARTY.

I did not. And that isn't all I didn't have printed. I didn't have the story of the marriage printed. I missed the biggest scoop that any newspaper man ever had handed to him. (*Takes paper from TERRY, folds it, and puts it in his pocket.*)

TERRY.

Why?

FOGARTY.

Because I love that girl in there, and I didn't want her name to be mixed up in anything. I don't know what the pair of you are trying to put over, but I'm going to keep it out of the papers if I can.

TERRY.

Do you mane to say you're in love wit' the Princess Alma?

FOGARTY.

(Crossing to buffet and opening drawer.)

No. I don't mean to say anything of the kind. I mean to say that I am in love with June Callahan, and I'm going to have an understanding with her before I leave this room. *(Takes tablecloth from buffet drawer and spreads it on table.)*

TERRY.

What do you t'ink you're doin' now?

FOGARTY.

I am going to serve her Highness' breakfast. *(He lays two places, one back and one right of table.)*

TERRY.

'Tis an understandin' you have. They say the way to a man's heart is t'rough his stummick. It may be the same wit' a lady, though it would be indilicate to say so. But you're only sittin' two places. Will you not sthay yoursilf and have a sup of cawffee?

FOGARTY.

I will; but you won't. I have a few words to say to her Highness, so you had better make yourself scarce.

TERRY.

You have a high-handed way of talkin'.

FOGARTY.

(Putting toast from tray on table.)

Knock at the door and tell the Princess to come out and have her breakfast before the coffee gets cold. *(Crosses down left.)*

TERRY.

I'll do that same. (*Crosses to right door and knocks.*)

JUNE.

(*Off right.*)

What is it?

TERRY.

Would your R'yal Highness care to take a bite of breakfast while it's hot, I dunno? (*Goes down extreme right.*)

JUNE enters, right, wearing an elaborate negligée.
She looks at FOGARTY.

FOGARTY.

(*Bowing low and often.*)

Good morning, your Royal Highness. I trust that you have rested well, your Royal Highness?

JUNE.

(*Looking at him coldly.*)

Are you in again? What's the matter? Haven't you a home?

FOGARTY.

Yes, your Royal Highness. I have a home, a humble home; but home was never like this, your Highness.

JUNE.

Well, what do you want?

FOGARTY.

If your Royal Highness would deign to have breakfast, I would fain serve it.

JUNE.

Oh, all right. If you are going to hang around here, you may as well make yourself useful. (*Moves toward table.*)

FOGARTY.

(*Drawing out chair for her.*)

Yes, your Royal Highness. (JUNE *sits back of table.*) Coffee, your Royal Highness?

JUNE.

Yes. Have it black.

(FOGARTY *turns to buffet, and pours coffee.* JUNE *motions TERRY to take chair at right.*)

TERRY.

Yis, your Highness. (*Sits in chair which FOGARTY has placed for himself. Puts napkin about his neck, tucking it into his collar.*)

FOGARTY.

(*Starts toward table with cup of coffee and sees TERRY sitting.*)

Hey! What's going on here?

JUNE.

What do you suppose? His Royal Highness is going to have breakfast.

FOGARTY.

Is he? (*Looks at TERRY's napkin.*) It looks as if his Royal Highness were going to have a shave. (*Puts coffee in front of JUNE and picks up sugar bowl.*) How many lumps, your Royal Highness?

JUNE.

Two.

FOGARTY.

Two. Thank you, your Royal Highness. (*Puts sugar in her cup.*)

TERRY.

I'll have wan lump.

FOGARTY.

(*Calmly.*)

You will. It will be right behind the ear.

TERRY.

Liss talk and more service. I want some cawffee.

FOGARTY.

We're all out of coffee, Prince. How would you like a nice punch on the nose?

TERRY.

(*Jumping up.*)

I'll take it if there's annywan here can give it to me.

FOGARTY.

(*Slipping into the chair TERRY has vacated.*)

It's all right. I just wanted to know. There is coffee in the pot; help yourself. And don't try to start a fight. Save your strength till you see your wife. You're going to need it.

TERRY.

What do you know about me wife?

FOGARTY.

She was at police headquarters this morning. They have broadcasted your description all over the country; and your wife wired all your friends that you were missing and that she thought you were

dead. By nine-thirty she had received nearly two hundred telegrams—all congratulating her. (*To JUNE.*) Have some toast, your Highness. (*He passes toast to JUNE. She takes it. TERRY stands looking at FOGARTY a moment, undecided what to do. He rubs his head, then goes over to buffet and pours coffee. FOGARTY takes a newspaper from his pocket and opens it.*) Would your Royal Highness like to look at the picture of your Royal Highness' husband: his Royal Highness?

(*JUNE, who is about to take a bite of toast, sets it down.*)

JUNE.

(*Sharply.*)

Johnnie Fogarty, if you don't stop Royal Highnessing me, I'll slap you silly.

FOGARTY.

(*Quietly.*)

Fair enough, June. I've had enough of it if you have. Now let us talk sensibly. I want to straighten out that elopement affair.

JUNE.

I don't want to hear any more about it.

FOGARTY.

You've got to listen. When I left here yesterday, I went around to the *Universe* office and looked up that elopement story. It was a dancer in a vaudeville act who ran away with that woman.

JUNE.

It was not. Didn't I see your picture right there in the paper?

FOGARTY.

Yes; you did. But does that prove that I am the guilty one?

JUNE.

Yes; it does.

FOGARTY.

You saw Rafferty's picture right there in the paper. Does that prove he's the Prince of Strudelburg?

TERRY.

(About to drink coffee.)

L've me name out of it. I'll not be dragged into an argumint wit' a woman.

FOGARTY.

June dear, it was all a mistake—a mistake of the art editor—

The door at left is thrown violently open and POPOPOLUS bounds into the room.

POPOPOLUS.

(Striking a dramatic attitude and speaking loudly.)

Ha, ha!

(JUNE half rises in alarm. FOGARTY looks at POPOPOLUS in surprise.)

TERRY.

(Groans.)

Ignatz is in ag'in! *(Puts down cup.)*

FOGARTY.

(Curiously.)

Who's your friend with the whiskers, Princess?

JUNE.

(Sinking back into her chair.)

Johnnie! Don't joke. This man is a killer!

POPOPOLUS.

(Excitedly.)

Ha! So August' of Strudelburg, you tol'-a da beeg lie. You say dees voman she's no Principa Alm'. She iss Principa Alm'! *Bik*-cause vhy? *Bik*-cause deese man he's jus' say so. Now I kill-a da two birds wit' one stone. Las' time I come here, I got-a da revolve'. Da revolve', he's no good. He only shoot-a by one at a time. To-day I got-a da bomb. *(Takes black-and-red-colored bomb from pocket.)* Deese bomb he's mooch better as revolve'. He's shoot all pipples at same time. *(Getting more and more excited.)* He's blow up hotel; he's blow up whole block! He's blow up da whole city New York! He's blow up—

FOGARTY.

Hold on, friend. You're taking in a lot of territory. What's this all about? What are you doing here?

POPOPOLUS.

I am doing here to keel da Prince and Principa, in accordance wit' da previous agreement. Trusting that this iss meet-a wit' your approval, I remain, yours as ever, Ignatius Popopolus.

FOGARTY.

(Puzzled.)

Why be so formal about it?

TERRY.

Ignatz took a coorse in a correspondence school,

and ivery wance in a while it gets the best of him.

POPOPOLUS.

You (*points at FOGARTY*) I'm not vish to keel. You iss of da common pipples. I'm not keel common pipples—jus' royalties. Common pipples iss my brud'. I set-a you free. Go! (*Points to center door.*)

JUNE.

(*In a low voice.*)

Quick, Johnnie. Go while you've got the chance!

(*FOGARTY looks at JUNE, then at POPOPOLUS. He slowly rises, again looks at JUNE, who averts her face. FOGARTY turns and walks slowly up to door center as if about to exit. Turns back to POPOPOLUS.*)

FOGARTY.

Just a moment, Mr. Popopolus. Are you specializing in princes and princesses to-day, or are you blowing up all degrees of royalty?

POPOPOLUS.

I keel-a most-a da royalties all-a da time, and all-a da royalties most-a da time.

FOGARTY.

(*Coming down a few steps.*)

In that case, I had better remain. You see, I am of the blood royal myself.

POPOPOLUS.

(*Puzzled.*)

You are da blood royal?

FOGARTY.

Yes; and in view of this fact, we are obliged to request you to alter the plans and specifications which you submitted to us in your previous communication. Trusting that these alterations will not inconvenience you to any great degree, we beg to remain. yours for better business, Gottlieb, Archduke of Wiener Schnitzel.

POPOPOLUS.

(In astonishment.)

You iss Gottlieb von Wiener Schnitzel?

FOGARTY.

(Moving down between JUNE and POPOPOLUS.)

We have that honor. *(Folds his arms and endeavors to look like an archduke.)*

TERRY.

Good lad, Fogarty! 'Twas a dumb trick, but nervy. *(Sits in chair vacated by FOGARTY.)*

POPOPOLUS.

(Excitedly.)

So all-a deese crown' heads in da same room at da one time. Good! I shall take-a da great pleasure to blowing you all t'rough da roof. *(Raises hand with bomb.)* See! I drop-a da bomb and keel-a da t'ree birds wit' one stone.

FOGARTY.

(Raising his hand.)

Just a minute! You are overlooking a bet. There are four birds. You forgot to count yourself. When we go through the roof you'll be with us. You'll go just as high as we will.

POPOPOLUS.

I? Me? Vot I care? See! I give-a da laugh, ha, ha! So! Good-a-bye, every bod'. I not make-a da count. I say, "Ready! Go!" (*Raises his arm.*) Ready—

(TERRY tries to duck under the table.)

FOGARTY.

(*Sharply.*)

Stop! (POPOPOLUS *hesitates.*) I don't object to be blown up; but I do object to being blown up by any tramp that comes along. I am the Archduke of Wiener Schnitzel. What right have you to blow me up?

POPOPOLUS.

(*Proudly.*)

I have-a da right *bik-cause*: Me, I am da president of da Association for da Assassination of da Royalties.

FOGARTY.

I don't believe it.

POPOPOLUS.

Vot?

FOGARTY.

You heard me. If you are president of this society, where is your badge?

POPOPOLUS.

I no got-a da badge.

FOGARTY.

Well, you must have papers of some kind. Where are they?

POPOPOLUS.

Da pape'? He's 'ome in da trunk.

FOGARTY.

That sounds suspicious. Who are you, anyway?

POPOPOLUS.

I am da Greek hero and—

FOGARTY.

I don't believe it. If you are a Greek hero, where are your passports?

POPOPOLUS.

Da passports? He's 'ome in da trunk also.

FOGARTY.

That's what I thought. (*To TERRY.*) I believe this man is an impostor.

TERRY.

Sure, it's beginnin' to look that way.

POPOPOLUS.

(*Eagerly.*)

Maybe you don't t'ink I'm Greek on account I spiggot such good Englis' langwidge. From von years I'm take-a da course in corresponding school—

FOGARTY.

Correspondence school? I don't believe it. If you are a graduate of a correspondence school, where is your diploma?

POPOPOLUS.

(*Sadly.*)

Diploma, he's 'ome in da trunk, too.

TERRY.

Ay, Gerry! Ignatz, you should have brought your thrunk along wit' you.

FOGARTY.

(To TERRY.)

This man doesn't talk like a Greek. He talks more like an Irishman; doesn't he, Rafferty?

TERRY.

He does that. May the saints forgive me for sayin' it!

POPOPOLUS.

(*Eagerly.*)

No, no! Me, I'm not Irishmans.

FOGARTY.

I don't believe it.

POPOPOLUS.

(*In a sudden fury and waving his arms about and shouting.*)

Dog of a Schnitzler! Vill you believe notting?

TERRY.

Look out! Aisy there, or we'll all be through the roof. Ignatz, if you can't talk wit'out wavin' your arms, I've some wan ilse hould that bomb.

POPOPOLUS.

I'm Greek. Long time ago I was borned in—

FOGARTY.

I don't believe it. If you were born, where is your birth certificate? Now don't tell me that's in your trunk.

POPOPOLUS.
(*Almost in tears.*)

Yes.

FOGARTY.
(*Turning to JUNE and TERRY.*)

You see, it's just as I told you. This man comes here making all sorts of claims, and he can't substantiate them. He has no credentials. He can prove nothing.

POPOPOLUS.
(*Pleadingly.*)

Vait, mister, pliss! I go 'ome. I fetch-a da passport; I fetch-a da pape'; I fetch-a da diplom'; I fetch-a da trunk.

FOGARTY.
(*Shaking his head.*)

That's an old trick. If I let you go, you will never come back.

POPOPOLUS.
(*Earnestly.*)

Hones', mister. Hope-a da die, cross-a da heart.

FOGARTY.
(*Impatiently.*)

Oh, 'all right. Open the door for him, Prince. (TERRY goes up to center door, and POPOPOLUS follows him.) Remember, Ignatz, if you don't come back, I will never trust you again.

POPOPOLUS.
(*At center door.*)

You vait. You see I come back. (*Exit, up center. TERRY shuts door after him.*)

FOGARTY.
(*Quickly.*)

Lock that door.

TERRY.

It's locked.

FOGARTY.
(*Sinking upon divan and wiping his forehead.*)
Phew! That's enough excitement for one day.

JUNE.
(*Rising.*)

Oh, Johnnie, you were just splendid! You saved us all.

TERRY.
(*Coming down left of FOGARTY and extending his hand.*)

Shlip us your fist, Fogarty. 'Twas a fine job of work. (*Shakes his hand.*)

JUNE.
I never was so frightened in all my life before. I was so frightened I couldn't move.

TERRY.
Sure, you moved fast enough yisterday whin Ignatz made his first call.

JUNE.
He had a revolver, then. I don't mind a revolver, but a bomb is so—so indiscriminate.

TERRY.
Well, annyway, Fogarty, you have an iligant tongue in your hid. Sure, you talked Ignatz right

out of the room, and no wonder. You could talk a bird out of a tree.

FOGARTY.

When you're in a tight pinch, always throw the burden of proof on the other fellow. He'll be so interested in his own defense that he will forget to be aggressive.

TERRY.

That's all right, if you can talk, but whin it comes to critical points I lose the power of spache. All I could do was to keep me eye on the bomb and wonder would I go due east or straight up whin it exploded.

FOGARTY.

Well, it's all over now. He's gone.

TERRY.

He is. But be the same token, he'll be back, and the third time's the charm. I'm goin' to get away from here. (*Crosses left.*) This bein' a prince is hard on the nerves.

FOGARTY.

(*Rising.*)

We had all better get away. June, get into your regular clothes. I'll call a taxi and take you home.

JUNE.

Home? 'I'm not going home.

FOGARTY.

(*In surprise.*)

Where are you going?

JUNE.

I'm not going anywhere. I'm going to stay right here.

FOGARTY.

You can't stay here.

JUNE.

Why not?

FOGARTY.

Do you want that Greek lunatic to come back and murder you?

JUNE.

Not particularly.

FOGARTY.

Well, then, what is the idea?

JUNE.

The idea is that I am under salary. My job is here, and I'm going to stay on it.

FOGARTY.

You can't stay here.

JUNE.

You said that before.

FOGARTY.

And I'll say it again. (*With determination.*) June, you've got to listen to me. I've stood about all the foolishness that I'm going to stand. I want to know what this princess business is all about. You are engaged to me, and I have a right to an explanation.

JUNE.

I am not engaged to you, and you haven't any right whatever, as far as I am concerned. And if it comes to explanations, I'll trouble you to make a few yourself.

FOGARTY.

All right. I'll make them right now. What is it you want to hear?

JUNE.

I don't want to hear anything from you, Mr. Fogarty. (*Crosses to door, right, and turns.*) Now or ever. (*Exit, right.*)

(FOGARTY stands a moment staring at the door, then turns and looks blankly at TERRY.)

FOGARTY.

A minute ago, she was thanking me for saving her life. Now she hates me.

TERRY.

Are you surprised?

FOGARTY.

I am.

TERRY.

You shouldn't be. You should niver ixpict a woman to do what you ixpict her to do; she niver does. Well, if the Princess is goin' to sthay on the job, I'll have to do the same. (*Goes to door at left.*) I've small ch'ice, anyway. If I stay here, Ignatz will assassinate me, and if I go home Maggie will murder me. (*Exit, left.*)

(The telephone rings. FOGARTY goes up left, takes up phone, and stands facing down stage.)

FOGARTY.

(Speaking into mouthpiece.)

Hello. *(Pauses.)* Yes; Princess Alma's apartment. *(Pauses.)* Yes. Who is this speaking? *(Pauses.)* Who? I can't make it out; sounds like a cough. Spell it. *(Pauses.)* Gottlieb? Beg pardon, your Highness. I'm a little thick this morning. Yes; I'll inform her. *(Pauses.)* What time? *(Pauses.)* Ten minutes. *(Pulls out his watch.)* That will be about ten forty-five. *(Pauses.)* All right; I'll let her know. She'll be tickled to death to see your Highness. *(Pauses.)* I say, she'll be tickled to death to see your Highness. *(Pauses.)* I say, the Princess will be delighted to see you. *(Hangs up receiver. Looks over to door right and grins.)*

There is a knock at center door. FOGARTY goes to door and opens it. TERESA appears.

TERESA.

I wish to see the Princess Alma. *(Takes a step inside door. In surprise.)* Why, it's the newspaper man; isn't it?

FOGARTY.

No; it was the newspaper man. It is now the—er—secretary to Princess Alma. Just been making some appointments for her.

TERESA.

(Coming down center.)

But how lovely! To be a princess and to have a

gentleman secretary! The Princess is most fortunate.

FOGARTY.

She is, but she doesn't appreciate it. You wish to see the Princess?

TERESA.

Yes.

FOGARTY.

(*Grins.*)

Her Highness is very much fatigued from her long journey. She is resting and does not wish to be disturbed.

TERESA.

I won't disturb her.

FOGARTY.

I know you won't. You won't even see her. (TERESA *smiles.*) Do you recognize this conversation?

TERESA.

Yes.

FOGARTY.

The tables are turned. How do you like it?

TERESA.

I still want to see the Princess.

FOGARTY.

But if I say you can't, what are you going to do about it?

TERESA.

I am going to jump up and down and scream at the top of my voice, "Help! Murder! Police!"

FOGARTY.

(Looks at her a moment.)

What name shall I say? *(Crosses to door, right.)*

TERESA.

(Smiles.)

Just say, "Teresa." She will understand.

(FOGARTY knocks at right door.)

JUNE.

(Calling from off right.)

Well?

FOGARTY.

Teresa is calling, your Highness. *(To TERESA.)*
She'll be here in a moment. Be seated. *(Crosses up to left.)* Excuse me. I've got to get to work.
Lot of private secretaring to do this morning. *(Sits at phone table and writes.)*

JUNE appears at right door.

JUNE.

Teresa! *(Goes quickly to her.)* Where is the Princess Alma?

TERESA.

Hush! *(Looks warningly toward FOGARTY and speaks in a low voice.)* Your secretary!

JUNE.

Secretary? *(Gives FOGARTY a look of contempt. To TERESA.)* It's all right.

TERESA.

(Still speaking in a low voice.)

Does he know everything?

JUNE.

(*Coldly.*)

He thinks he does. Is the Princess here?

TERESA.

No. Her Highness and her husband are on a honeymoon trip. They are going to Niagara Falls for the bathing.

FOGARTY.

Must be going to take shower baths.

JUNE.

Why did she not tell me that she was married?

TERESA.

It is a secret and must be kept so. It is about that I wish to see you. Her Highness commanded me to return to New York, to tell you to keep the secret at all costs. She has discovered why the Queen wanted her to marry Archduke Gottlieb. It's because the American bankers won't make the loan to Deleria if her Highness refuses to marry him. She found it out this morning.

FOGARTY.

Then she was the last one in the United States to find it out. It's been in the newspapers for a month.

JUNE.

What has her marriage to do with the loan?

FOGARTY.

Everything. The Archduke is the most important ruler in eastern Europe. If the Princess had married him, everything would be o. k., but now—! Well, nobody can tell what will happen. Gottlieb

may take this Deleria-Strudelburg marriage as a personal affront and start a war or something.

TERESA.

That is true. The Archduke is easily offended.

FOGARTY.

And those bankers are not going to underwrite a loan of five hundred million dollars without some assurance that Wiener Schnitzel is friendly to Deleria.

JUNE.

Well, the Princess should have thought of that in the first place.

FOGARTY.

Princesses never think of anything in the first place, and in the second place perhaps she was in love with the Prince and wished to get married. I know you don't approve of that sort of thing, but some people still have those silly ideas.

(JUNE looks coldly at FOGARTY, then turns to TERESA.)

JUNE.

The Archduke will find it out sooner or later.

TERESA.

It won't make any difference if he finds it out after the loan has been made.

JUNE.

But she shouldn't— That isn't exactly honest.

TERESA.

Would it have been any more honest if her High-

ness had married the Archduke for the sake of the money?

JUNE.

No; I suppose not.

TERESA.

The important thing is that the loan must be made. It will help my country. The people are destitute. This money will save thousands of women and children from suffering and starvation. I know that you will do what you can to help them.

JUNE.

What can I do? What does her Highness want me to do?

TERESA.

She has different plans. She says that the Archduke is certain to call on you within the next few hours. When he proposes, you are to accept him at once. Then both of you are to slip down to the corner drug store and be quietly married. This will keep the Archduke's mind off politics for the time being.

(JUNE, *who has been too astonished to move, now jumps to her feet.*)

JUNE.

Teresa! Are you crazy? Do you know what you are saying? I can't marry the Archduke.

FOGARTY.

You can't marry him in a drug store; that's a certainty. You can get a lot of things in a drug store, but you can't get married.

JUNE.

It's a silly idea, anyway. The Archduke will know that I am not Princess Alma the moment he sees me.

TERESA.

No, he won't. The Archduke has never met her Highness. When he visited Queen Louise, the Princess was away at school in Paris. It could be done, all right.

JUNE.

Well, it won't be done by me. Even if I were foolish enough to think of marrying him, what would I do when he found out the truth?

TERESA.

That's what the Prince said when her Highness told him about it. He said it wasn't fair to you. Then the Princess had another idea. She said that if you really didn't want to marry the Archduke, you wouldn't have to. You could promise him that you would, and then when the loan was made, you could change your mind and break off the engagement.

JUNE.

That idea is worse than the other. I wouldn't treat anyone like that. If I ever promise to marry a man, I'll marry him.

FOGARTY.
(*Loudly.*)

Hear, hear!

JUNE.

(*Turning on FOGARTY and speaking sharply.*)

Mr. Fogarty, I wish you wouldn't keep on interrupting. I'm getting tired of your conversation.

FOGARTY.

Very well, your Highness. (*Turns to phone table.*)

JUNE.

(*To TERESA.*)

When will you see her Highness again?

TERESA.

I am to rejoin her to-night in Niagara Falls.

JUNE.

Then you may tell her that it is impossible for me to do as she asks. She is paying me a good salary, and I want to earn it, but marrying or even becoming engaged to strange archdukes is not in my contract.

TERESA.

(*Rising.*)

Then, mademoiselle, the loan will never be made.

JUNE.

I'm sorry, Teresa. I simply can't do anything different. But it may not come to that. The Archduke may change his mind. He may not come to see me at all.

TERESA.

(*Doubtfully.*)

Perchance.

(*FOGARTY holds up a timid hand, as if he were a child in a schoolroom, and snaps his fingers.*)

JUNE.

(*Crossly.*)

What is the matter with you?

FOGARTY.

May I speak, teacher?

JUNE.

Well?

FOGARTY.

You said that the Archduke might not come to see you, and this lady (*points to TERESA*) said, "Perchance." The word is not "perchance." It's "fat chance," because the Archduke is on his way right now. (*Looks at his watch.*) Not to put too fine a point on it, he'll be here in a minute and a quarter.

TERESA.

(*Hastily.*)

I must go. (*Goes quickly up to center door.*)

JUNE.

(*To FOGARTY.*)

How do you know that he is coming?

FOGARTY.

I made the appointment. He is to meet you here at ten-forty-five.

JUNE.

(*Astonished.*)

Why didn't you tell me?

FOGARTY.

Well, you asked me not to butt in; said that you were tired of my conversation. So I thought—

JUNE.

(*Furiously.*)

Why can't you mind your own business, Johnnie

Fogarty? You have no right to make appointments for me. Why did you do it?

FOGARTY.

You got such a kick out of being a princess that I thought you'd be crazy to meet an archduke.

JUNE.

(Gives him a scornful look, then turns away. Pauses a moment, considering, then speaks with determination.)

All right. Let him come; I don't care. It may be the best thing that could have happened. There is one thing you both have forgotten: He has never seen me. Once he gets a good look at me, he may not be so crazy to marry me. If he doesn't fall for me, I shan't have to turn him down. And he won't have the nerve to start a war or anything, simply because he doesn't like my looks. It may be all right yet.

TERESA.

I hope so, mademoiselle. Adieu.

JUNE.

Good-bye, Teresa.

TERESA.

Adieu, Meestar Fogarty.

JUNE.

(Sharply.)

You needn't say good-bye to him. He is going out the same time and at the same door, as you are.

FOGARTY.

I know it. I have to run down to the office and

report. (*Picks up hat from desk and goes to center door.*) But don't worry about me. I'll hurry back. Meanwhile, give my regards to his Highness.

(*Exeunt TERESA and FOGARTY, up center, turning left. JUNE crosses quickly to left door and knocks.*)

JUNE.
(*Calling.*)

Mr. Rafferty!

TERRY.
(*Off left.*)

Comin', your Highness.

JUNE goes to center. TERRY appears at left door.

TERRY.
Was you wishin' to see me?

JUNE.
Yes. (*Takes a step towards TERRY.*) Mr. Rafferty, I'm in an awkward fix, and I want you to help me.

TERRY.
You can dipind on me, me dear.

JUNE.
I know it. There is a man coming here. He is another sort of a prince—the Archduke of Wiener Schnitzel. He may want to marry me.

TERRY.
May want? What's the matter? Can't the Juke make up his mind?

JUNE.

It doesn't make any difference. I don't want to marry him, anyway.

TERRY.

I understand; I see the whole situation. L'ave everything to me, me dear. I'll attind to him. Whin that lad steps in the dure, I'll shmack him so hard the Schnitzlers will have to get a new juke.

JUNE.

(Shaking his arm impatiently.)

No, no; that isn't what I mean at all. I am going in the next room to dress. When this man comes, I want you to usher him in here. Be polite; be very polite. Ask him to be seated, and then come and tell me.

TERRY.

I'll do it.

JUNE.

There is something else. As long as the Archduke and I are in conversation, stick around. Don't leave me alone with him.

(The door knob of door up center is turned; this slight noise attracts JUNE's attention. She looks at door. A loud knock is heard. JUNE moves her lips as if forming the words, "Open the door." TERRY nods, and JUNE tiptoes off right.)

TERRY.

(Going up to door and opening it, at the same time taking off helmet and bowing very low.)

Come right in, your Honor.

CUTIE appears at center door. She looks at TERRY and giggles. Comes a few steps on stage, looks at him again and giggles again.

TERRY.

Ay, Gerry! You're not the wan I ixpected. What do you want, and what are you shnickerin' at? (*Puts on his helmet.*)

(*At this sight, CUTIE can contain herself no longer. She bursts into loud laughter.*)

CUTIE.

Har, har, har! Mah lawsy, but you sho' is a funny man! What is you-all supposed to be? A lion tamer in a circus?

TERRY.

(*Nettled.*)

I am the Prince of Strudelburg, and I've no time to waste on the likes of you. So get out.

CUTIE.

And I'm the Queen of Harlem, and I got fo'teen beds to make. I'm goin' to make 'at one in de nex' room, if I don't die from laughin'. You ain't no Prince of Straddlebug. I know 'at Prince. You is older 'an he is—older and funnier. Har, har, har! (*Goes to right door.*) Wit' 'at green coat and 'at tin hat, you sho' looks like a dill pickle with a feather stuck in it. Har, har, har! (*Exit, right, laughing.*) TERRY stands looking after her, a frown on his face.)

GOTTLIEB, Archduke of Wiener Schnitzel, enters by door up center, which is standing wide open. He walks straight down stage in a military manner and

stands at center. TERRY does not see him, as he has his back turned.

GOTTLIEB.

I am Gottlieb, Archduke of Wiener Schnitzel.

TERRY.

(Gives a start at the sound of the Archduke's voice.)

Well, well, 'tis the Juke himself, no liss. *(Shuts door and comes down center. GOTTLIEB sits in arm-chair, right of center.)*

GOTTLIEB.

You may be seated.

TERRY.

(Surprised.)

'Tis kind of you to mintion it. *(Sits on divan.)*

GOTTLIEB.

Who are you?

TERRY.

I am the— *(Stops, then proceeds cautiously.)*
Do you know Prince August of Strudelburg?

GOTTLIEB.

I do.

TERRY.

Me name is Rafferty.

GOTTLIEB.

These are Princess Alma's apartments?

TERRY.

They are.

GOTTLIEB.

In what capacity do you serve the Princess?

TERRY.

I look afther her durin' the absnce of the Queen.

GOTTLIEB.

I see. You act in the capacity of mother.

TERRY.

Mother? Murther!

GOTTLIEB.

You wear the uniform of a general in the army of August of Strudelburg, and yet you claim you are in the service of Louise of Deleria. You are lying!

TERRY.

(Rising and striding over to him.)

I'd not shtand that from an imperor, I've alone a two-be-four juke. Thim's fightin' words! Get on your fate and put up your jukes.

GOTTLIEB.

(Calmly raises his hand.)

Enough, General. I am not here to bandy words with underlings. If you are what you claim to be, inform the Princess that Gottlieb of Wiener Schnitzel is here to discuss the marriage contract and to arrange details of the wedding.

TERRY.

Oh, so there's goin' to be a widdin'; is there? Do you not think 'twould be as well to wait till you get the gur-rul's consint?

GOTTLIEB.

I have consulted her mother, and we both agree that this marriage is a political necessity.

TERRY.

Perhaps the Princess might have the bad taste to like some wan ilse better than she likes you.

GOTTLIEB.

Her likes and dislikes are not to be considered. Have I not said that this is a question of international politics?

TERRY.

Politics, politics! Can you talk of nawthin' but politics? Sure, you'd think it was the nomination for alderman you were afther instead of a young gurrul's hand in marriage. Have you no love for the lady?

GOTTLIEB.

(Surprised.)

Love?

TERRY.

Yis; love. Have you niver heard the word? 'Tis an emotion that married folks have for wan another—at laste they have it whin they're first married.

GOTTLIEB.

You are a foolish talker. I have never seen her Highness, the Princess Alma. How should I love her?

TERRY.

Niver seen her? Well, well, that puts an intire differint compliction on the affair, as the flapper

said whin she powdered her nose. Well, me lad, I'll talk to the Princess and do me bish for you; but mind, I promise nawthin'. I'll see her Highness and see will she see you or not. (*Crosses to right door and knocks.*)

JUNE.

(*Calling from off right.*)

Who is it?

TERRY.

'Tis Giniral Rafferty. Could I have a few wur-ruds wit' you, I dunno?

JUNE.

(*Calling, off right.*)

Come in. (*Exit TERRY, right.*)

Door opens at left, and MAGGIE RAFFERTY appears. She carries a folded newspaper in her hand.

MAGGIE.

Are you the Prince of Strudelburg?

GOTTLIEB.

I am not.

MAGGIE.

They said I'd find him in the room beyant (*indicates room at left*), but he's not there, so I t'ought he might have stipped in here for a moment. I'm lookin' for wan—Terence Rafferty.

GOTTLIEB.

I am not he, also.

MAGGIE.

I know fine and well you're not. Sure, the party

in question is me husband. Do you know the Prince be sight?

GOTTLIEB.

I do. We were at Heidelberg together.

MAGGIE.

Thin take a look at that. (*Thrusts newspaper in front of GOTTLIEB.*) That's his pitchure, or be the same token it has his name on it.

GOTTLIEB.

This is not the picture of Prince August.

MAGGIE.

I knew fine it wasn't. It's a picture of me husband.

GOTTLIEB.

Is General Rafferty your husband also?

MAGGIE.

He is not. I have but wan husband—bad luck to him! And he's Giniral nawthin', barrin' he's a giniral nuisance. He's been missin' these two days, and where's he gone I dunno. But wait till I find him!

Enter FOGARTY, left.

MAGGIE.

Are you Prince August?

FOGARTY.

Hardly. Don't you remember me, Mrs. Rafferty?

MAGGIE.

I do. You are wan of the newspaper lads that was hangin' around the police station this mornin' whin I was reportin' the disappearance of me husband.

FOGARTY.

Have you found him yet?

MAGGIE.

I have not. Sivin hundred people have seen him in sivin hundred places, but be the time I get to where he is, he ain't there and niver was.

FOGARTY.

Why did you come here?

MAGGIE.

I saw this pitchure in the paper. (*Holds up paper.*) 'Tis labeled "Prince August," but it's the spittin' image of me husband or his twin brother. They tould me the Prince was sthoppin' at this hotel, but I can't find him and I can't find Terence. (*Cries.*) Ow, ow! He's dead! I fale it in me bones: He's dead! And I can't aven find him, the way we could hould a wake on him.

FOGARTY.

(*Goes to her.*)

Oh, come now, Mrs. Rafferty. Your husband is all right. I'm sure he isn't dead.

MAGGIE.

(*Drying her eyes.*)

Well, if he ain't dead, he'll wish he was whin I lay me hands on him. Sthayin' away from his wife wit'out as much as a "by your l'ave," and the neighbors thryin' to cheer me up be sayin' he's likely not dead but has run away wit' some other woman!

GOTTLIEB.

(*Springing up.*)

Enough! Is this a public square that you come

here with your crying and foolish talk! (*To FOGARTY.*) Take this woman away.

MAGGIE.

Woman? Who are you calling a woman?

GOTTLIEB.

You are a woman; are you not?

MAGGIE.

I am; but I'll not have the likes of you sayin' it. Who are you, annyway, and do you own this place, I dunno?

GOTTLIEB.

I do not. This is the apartment of the Princess Alma.

MAGGIE.

(*Sitting on divan.*)

Thin I'll sthay right here until I see the Princess Alma, or the Prince August, or me husband, or some wan that knows somethin', which is more than you do, wit' your little mustache turned up, the way the points would poke out your eyes if you should iver shmile.

GOTTLIEB.

(*Impatiently.*)

You cannot see your husband now. The General is engaged. He is at present in the next room in private conference with the Princess.

MAGGIE.

What! You mane that this man, in this pitchure (*taps paper*) is in that room (*points right*) at this moment?

GOTTLIEB.

I do. But he is not to be disturbed.

MAGGIE.

(Ominously, rising.)

Disturbed? I'll disturb him.

FOGARTY.

(Takes her arm to detain her.)

Hold on, Mrs. Rafferty.

MAGGIE.

L'ave go me arm. *(Pulls her arm away.)* He'll stay out all night, will he? And he'll be confabin' wit' princesses? I'll princess him! *(She starts right.)*

GOTTLIEB.

(Standing in front of her.)

Stop, woman! You must not interfere. It is a private audience.

MAGGIE.

Sthand aside! I'll audience him. *(Tries to pass)*
GOTTLIEB. *He does not move, and she strikes him with folded newspaper.)*

GOTTLIEB.

(Loudly.)

Donnerwetter! Would you strike Gottlieb of Wiener Schnitzel?

MAGGIE.

I'll Wiener Schnitzel him. *(Runs to right door. As she puts her hand on door knob, the door is thrown open. This rather takes her off her balance and she stumbles up stage, still clinging to the door.)*

TERRY enters hurriedly. He does not see his wife.

TERRY.

(In a low voice.)

Down on wan knee, iverybody. The Princess approaches. *(Facing down stage, he stares straight ahead of him and announces in a loud voice.)* Her R'yal Highness Alma, Crown Princess of Deleria and Minor and Delusia.

FOGARTY.

And all points west on the Pennsylvania.

(There is a startled pause, during which all except TERRY turn their eyes toward the right door.)

CUTIE appears in right doorway. She is wearing the court gown used by JUNE earlier in Act I, and is carrying the Princess' fan. She enters haughtily and moves majestically center, languidly waving the fan. GOTTLIEB stands staring at her, a look of horror on his face.

GOTTLIEB.

Donner und blitz'! A blackamoor! *(Grabs his hat and rushes out center door. As he disappears, TERRY goes into a fit of laughing. He slaps his leg violently. MAGGIE comes up behind him, but he does not see her.)*

FOGARTY.

(Warningly.)

Look out, Rafferty!

(TERRY turns and sees his wife standing within a foot of him. A look of horror steals over his face.)

TERRY.

Maggie! (*He runs off left, pursued by MAGGIE.*)

(FOGARTY and CUTIE stand looking at each other and grinning.)

CURTAIN

A BUSY HONEYMOON

THIRD ACT

SCENE: *Same as in previous acts. The room has been straightened up, and fresh flowers have been put in the vases. It is twelve o'clock at noon of the following day.*

At rise of curtain, JUNE is discovered seated in armchair, right center. She has a letter in her hand which she has just finished reading. She has on her own dress, which she was wearing at her entrance in the first act. She slowly folds up the letter. She is evidently thinking out some problem. A knock is heard at left door.

JUNE.

Come!

TERRY *enters, left.*

TERRY.

Good mornin', your Highness. I see you have on your workin' clothes. Are you quittin' the job, or what? (*Sits on divan.*)

JUNE.

I have telegraphed the Princess that I am resigning. I will stay till she gets back; then I'm going home.

TERRY.

(*Gloomily.*)

It's lucky you have a home to go to. Whin I l'ave this place, I'll have no more home than a coo-koo.

JUNE.

Is your wife angry about what happened yesterday?

TERRY.

Angry? She's so mad she can't spake; and that's the wan good thing about it.

JUNE.

(*Smiles.*)

Did she scold you?

TERRY.

What talk have you of scolding? Sure, I'd not stand a scolding from her or any other woman. Besides, she niver caught me. (*Proudly.*) I can out-run Maggie the bist day she iver lived. In the whole course of our married life, she's niver caught me wance—unless I shlipped.

JUNE.

This letter came in the morning's mail for the Princess Alma. It's from the Archduke.

TERRY.

What has he to say? Ay, Gerry! The wan bright spot in this whole business was the laugh I got from the look on his face whin he saw the brunette Princess. That was a great idea of yours. He niver suspected a thing.

JUNE.

I'm not so sure that it was a great idea. As for

his suspecting anything, read this letter. (*Holds letter out to TERRY, who rises and takes it. He makes preparations to read it, holding it away from him, then bringing it quite close to his eyes. Is about to start, changes his mind, and turns the letter, which he has been holding upside down.*)

TERRY.

I'll start at the top. (*Laboriously spells out a few words.*) A-u-g, Aug; u-s-t, ust. "August the Sicond." This letter is addressd to me.

JUNE.

(*Rises.*)

That isn't the address; that's the date. Start here. (*Points at place in letter.*)

TERRY.

(*Spelling.*)

M-a, ma; d-a-m, dam. "Madam—"

JUNE.

(*Impatiently.*)

Oh, give it to me! (*Takes it from him.*) You dig it out as if you were eating hickory nuts with a toothpick. Listen. (*Reads.*) "Madam: Yesterday we did ourselves the honor to call upon you for the purpose of proposing a matrimonial alliance between the houses of Deleria and Wiener Schnitzel. We were met at the door by—"

TERRY.

Why does he kape sayin', "we"? Sure, you'd think there was two of him—God forbid!

JUNE.

That is what Johnnie Fogarty calls the "honorific

plural." It's the way that kings and archdukes talk over in Europe.

TERRY.

It's the way iditors and newspaper min talk over in this country.

JUNE.

(*Reads.*)

"We were met at the door by some low-bred person—"

TERRY.

He's lyin'. Sure, no wan met him at the dure but mesilf.

JUNE.

Hush up. (*Reads.*) "—who played a cheap practical joke upon us. I trust that your Highness was not party to this outrage. With your permission, we intend calling once more, with the intention of discussing the marriage sanctioned by your royal mother. Signed, Gottlieb."

TERRY.

Ay, Gerry! The Juke's a glutton for punishment. What are you going to do?

JUNE.

I telephoned him this morning. He is coming here.

TERRY.

What are you going to say to him?

JUNE.

I am going to tell him the truth.

TERRY.

Are you going to tell him the Princess Alma's already married?

JUNE.

No. That is her affair. She can tell him herself. I will simply tell him that I am not the Princess.

TERRY.

(Scratches his head and looks dubious.)

I don't know as that's such a good idea, either. You'd better take advice on it. Where's the newspaper lad this mornin'?

JUNE.

I don't know. I haven't seen him since yesterday. *(Bitterly.)* He doesn't care what happens to us.

TERRY.

Well, I'd not go so far as to say that. 'Tis likely he doesn't care overmuch what happens to me, but—

(There is a knock at center door.)

JUNE.

(In low voice.)

You had better go into the next room.

TERRY.

It might be Ignatz.

JUNE.

It's the Archduke.

TERRY.

(Crossing to left door.)

In case it should be the Grake hero and pathriot, till him I'm not at home. *(Exit, left.)*

(The knock is heard again, this time much louder.)

JUNE.

(Calls.)

Come!

GOTTLIEB *enters, up center. He closes door and comes down stage, stands erect, clicks heels together, then bows to JUNE.*

GOTTLIEB.

Your Highness, this is the second occasion on which I have done myself the honor of calling upon you. On my previous visit—

JUNE.

Yes; I know. It was a mean joke we played on you. I'm sorry.

GOTTLIEB.

(Waves his hand as if to dismiss the subject.)

Say no more. It matters nothing if no personal affront was intended. I, too, understand the workings of the practical joke. In my younger days I kept the whole duchy convulsed with laughter at the droll witticism and jokings which I perpetrated.

JUNE.

Yeah? Well, that's that. Now there is something else which I must explain: I am not the one you want to marry. It's the other princess—I mean the other girl. You see, you've made a mistake and—

GOTTLIEB.

(Holding up his hand.)

Permit me to be the judge of that. It is true that my ministers have suggested the same thing. They

argued, that with the people in a state of unrest, and with the scoundrel Kolinsky actually hammering at my palace gates, I should seek an alliance with some strong central European power. But I stood out against them. I said that I would marry you and that would give us an outlet to the sea. I banished Kolinsky, followed you to America, and I find you here, a charming woman—much more charming than I had expected; which proves that I was right, as usual. And now, your Highness—

JUNE.

(Impatiently.)

Don't call me "your Highness." That is what I'm trying to explain. I am not "her Highness." And I don't want to be called "her Highness." I—

GOTTLIEB.

Yes, yes, I see. You think that the title is too formal under the circumstances. You wish me to call you Alma, yes? And so I will, and you may call me Gottlieb; or better still, call me "Sams," which is a shortening of the word "Samson," a name laughingly bestowed upon me by my comrades at Heidelberg in compliment to my magnificent muscular development. *(He flexes his arms several times very rapidly, to call attention to his development, then brings them smartly down to his sides.)*

JUNE.

(Wearily passing her hand over her forehead.)

This is going to be harder than I thought. *(To GOTTLIEB.)* Where were we?

GOTTLIEB.

(Puzzled.)

Highness?

JUNE.

(Making a fresh start.)

Will you please listen to me a moment? I am not Princess Alma. I am not Princess anybody. I am an American girl, and I am taking the Princess Alma's place while—for a few days. Do you understand?

GOTTLIEB.

I do not. But yes, I do understand. This is another practical joke. You say to yourself, "This Gottlieb is a serious fellow; he goes about this marriage affair with too much formality. Love and marriage demand an atmosphere of lightness, of playfulness. I will play jokes. I will pretend that I am not the Princess Alma." Is it not so?

JUNE.

No; it is not so. I'm not pretending. I am an American working girl—a typist. Look at me. Look at this dress.

GOTTLIEB.

I look at you. I look at the dress. They are both very pretty.

JUNE.

I'm glad you like us. But can't you see that this isn't the sort of a dress that a Princess would wear? It's a working girl's dress.

GOTTLIEB.

Your Highness is very thorough. You would impersonate an American peasant? You wear the costume of an American peasant. But it is of no avail; the costume does not disguise. You would look a

princess in a gown of sackcloth. But it is a good joke. See! I am laughing. (GOTTLIEB *laughs, and JUNE impatiently turns away.*) May I be seated?

JUNE.

You may be anything you want if you'll only let me be what I want to be. I am a typist—a stenographer. My name is June Callahan, and my father used to be an engineer on the D. & L. If you want any more proof you can phone him and—

GOTTLIEB.

(*Sits on divan.*)

Come, come, your Highness. Let us make an end of this. You have shown the joke to me, and I have laughed. Now let's discuss the affair which brought me here.

(JUNE *stands a moment, regarding him with exasperation.*)

JUNE.

Gosh, but you're thick! (*Turns away.*) All right; I've tried to tell you, but you won't understand. Now have it your own way. If I have to be the Princess Alma, I'll be the Princess Alma. Go on with what you have to say and let us get it over. (*Sits in armchair.*)

GOTTLIEB.

That is better. Your Highness, it is my intention to return to Wiener Schnitzel at once. You, no doubt, will not sail for a few weeks yet. I shall be busy with affairs of state during the summer months, but in the early autumn I shall go to Deleria, and we can be married.

JUNE.

Wait a minute! You are starting in the middle of a chapter. You haven't asked me to marry you yet.

GOTTLIEB.

Your Highness would like a formal declaration? Yes?

JUNE.

No, my Highness wouldn't. But I know there isn't any use trying to head you off, so I might as well listen.

GOTTLIEB.

(Rising and bowing.)

I have the honor of asking your Highness' most gracious hand in marriage. What is your answer?

JUNE.

My answer is "no."

GOTTLIEB.

(Startled.)

No? But I do not understand.

JUNE.

I know you don't; you don't understand anything. But I'm going to make this part of it clear if it takes all summer. I mean: No, nix, not, never, huh-uh, nothin' doin'!

GOTTLIEB.

(Stiffly.)

You do not understand. This matter cannot be dismissed. It is a question of international politics. I cannot accept this as final.

JUNE.

(Rising.)

I am going to make one more effort to convince you. I am an American girl and have nothing to do with politics—

(GOTTLIEB makes a gesture of contempt.)

GOTTLIEB.

More jokings! *(Goes left.)*

There is a quick rapping at center door. JUNE opens it and QUEEN LOUISE enters.

GOTTLIEB.

Madam, you have arrived at an opportune moment. All plans have gone awry and—

LOUISE.

(Looking at JUNE and speaking warningly to GOTTLIEB.)

Sh, Gottlieb! *(Comes down.)* Will you not present your young friend?

GOTTLIEB.

(After glaring at her a moment.)

Bah! *(Waves his arm in disgust and turns away.)*

LOUISE.

Your manners are as charming as ever. *{Goes to JUNE.}* Who are you, my child?

JUNE.

(Hesitates a moment.)

I am the Princess Alma.

LOUISE.

(Astonished.)

Princess Alma! Princess Alma of Deleria?

JUNE.
(*Sulkily.*)

And Minor Delusia.

LOUISE.
(*Smiles.*)

In that case, you are the very person whom I have traveled a thousand miles to see. Do you not remember me?

JUNE.
(*Nervously.*)
No—no; I can't say that I do.

LOUISE.
Take a good look. It's strange that you do not recognize me.

JUNE.
(*Defiantly.*)
I meet thousands of people. Why is it strange that I do not recognize you?

LOUISE.
Because, Alma my dear, I am your mother.

JUNE.
(*Aghast.*)
Mu-mu-Mother!

LOUISE.
(*Smiling.*)
You begin to remember now?

GOTTLIEB.
(*Who has been stamping about in angry impatience.*)

What is all this hocus-pocus? Madam, ask your daughter what she means by her refusal to—

LOUISE.

This is not my daughter, Gottlieb.

GOTTLIEB.

(*Angrily.*)

Enough! I perceive that what I took for a practical joke is something more serious. It is an affront aimed at my personal dignity.

LOUISE.

(*Mildly.*)

I would not affront your personal dignity for the world, my dear Gottlieb. I haven't the faintest idea what you are talking about.

GOTTLIEB.

Then I will tell you. Yesterday, madam, I called here, as you suggested, and asked to be presented to your daughter. And what happened?

LOUISE.

I don't know; what happened?

GOTTLIEB.

Instead of being presented to the real Princess, I am presented to a blackamoor!

LOUISE.

A blackamoor?

GOTTLIEB.

As black as your hat. (*Looks at LOUISE's hat, which may be blue or any other color except black.*) As black as my hat. (*Looks at his hat, which is gray.*) As black as anybody's hat. It was a trick.

LOUISE.

A rather obvious trick. Did it not occur to you that it is unlikely that one of my daughters would be black?

GOTTLIEB.

Yes; it did occur to me. It occurred to me this morning. So I came again. This time I met your daughter. I knew she was the Princess the moment I entered the room. But behold! She denies it. She tells me that she is an American girl—a typist. Then you arrive, and she immediately becomes the Princess Alma again. Then what happens? You try to convince me that she is mistaken, that she doesn't know who she is, that she is not your daughter. It is too much. It is too much! (*Turns away disgruntled.*)

LOUISE.

It certainly is enough. However, I must insist that—

GOTTLIEB.

Madam, I will not be cozened again. This is your daughter, and nothing will ever convince me otherwise.

LOUISE.

(*Quietly.*)

Very well. If your Highness says so, it must be so. She is my daughter, and in all the hurrying years I have overlooked her. (*Turns to JUNE.*) Who are you, my dear?

JUNE.

My name is Callahan, your Majesty.

LOUISE.

You are a sweet child, and if you were my daughter, I should probably be very proud of you.

TERRY *strides on from left. He is evidently about to speak to JUNE. He sees LOUISE and comes to a standstill, almost inarticulate.*

TERRY.

Uh—

LOUISE.

What is your wish, my man?

TERRY.

Uh—

GOTTLIEB.

Who are you?

TERRY.

I— (*About to say that he is the Prince when he sees GOTTLIEB and changes his mind.*)

LOUISE.

(*Impatiently.*)

Can you not speak?

GOTTLIEB.

(*Loudly.*)

Speak, fool! Her Majesty is addressing you.

TERRY.

Ma— (*Is beyond utterance. LOUISE shrugs her shoulders and turns away.*)

JUNE.

He is a friend of mine, your Majesty. He is all right.

LOUISE.

You are loyal to your friends. Where is Alma?

JUNE.

She is— (*Casts a look at GOTTLIEB.*) Can't we go some place where we can be alone?

LOUISE.

Go into the next room. I will join you in a moment. I must first try to get the fact that you are not the Princess Alma through his Highness' head.

JUNE.

You'll never do it. I tried for twenty minutes. (*Goes to door right.*)

LOUISE.

A moment! (*JUNE turns.*) Tell your dumb friend to go away.

JUNE.

Which one? (*Smiles and exits.*)

TERRY.

(*Recovering his speech.*)

Dumb fri'nd! Ay, Gerry! (*Turns away in dudgeon and starts to exit, left.*)

GOTTLIEB.

Stop! (*TERRY turns. GOTTLIEB addresses LOUISE.*) This man claims that he is an officer in your Majesty's household troops, and that he is acting *in loco parentis* to the Princess Alma during your absence.

LOUISE.

(*Looking at TERRY.*)

I have never seen this man in my life.

GOTTLIEB.

(*To TERRY.*)

That is enough. You may go.

TERRY.

Oh, I may go; may I? Well, I've me tell you somethin', me lad: 'Tis a lucky thing for you her Majesty is prisint. (*Exit, left.*)

GOTTLIEB.

There is an intrigue here. Yesterday that fellow's picture appeared in the newspapers over the name, Prince of Strudelburg.

LOUISE.

I saw it.

GOTTLIEB.

He has been impersonating August; but for what reason?

LOUISE.

Probably for the same reason that this young girl has been impersonating Alma. (GOTTLIEB *turns away.*) Stop, Gottlieb! I am not accustomed to have my veracity questioned. I am telling you for the last time that this child is not Alma.

GOTTLIEB.

(*Considering a moment.*)

If she is not Alma, where is Alma?

LOUISE.

I don't know. But the girl does, and I am going to question her. (*Starts right.*)

GOTTLIEB.

I wish to be present at the interview. (LOUISE

hesitates at right door. He continues firmly.) It is my right!

LOUISE.

Very well. Let me have a few minutes with her. Then you may join me. (GOTTLIEB bows. *Exit LOUISE, right.*)

(The moment she is out of the room GOTTLIEB goes to telephone quickly and takes down receiver.)

GOTTLIEB.

(Speaking into mouthpiece.)

You have a member of the police intelligence connected with this hotel, yes? *(Pauses.)* So? A house detective he is called. He must come at once to this room. There is one here whom I wish arrested—a rascal who impersonates His Highness Prince August of Strudelburg, doubtless with fraudulent intention. *(Pauses.)* My name? It matters not. I am one whose orders must be obeyed implicitly. See to it. *(He hangs up receiver, comes center, pauses a moment in thought, then crosses to door right, and knocks.)*

LOUISE.

(Off right.)

Enter! *(Exit GOTTLIEB, right.)*

Simultaneously ALMA enters by center door, looks about, then hurriedly crosses to door right and is about to exit, when TERRY appears at left door.

TERRY.

(Warningly.)

Whisht! Don't go in there. Her Majesty your ma is in that room.

ALMA.

(*Turning back.*)

Mother is in there?

TERRY.

She is; and be the same token you're likely to get your come-up-ance whin she sees you. (*Comes to center.*)

ALMA.

Does she know everything?

TERRY.

She knows enough. Where's your husband? Sure, you came in the nick of time. I'm on the p'int of resignin' me job as prince.

ALMA.

No; not yet. It is necessary that you continue in the rôle for a short time.

TERRY.

Why?

ALMA.

My husband needs your help.

TERRY.

You're married; are you not?

ALMA.

Yes.

TERRY.

Thin I can't hilp him. No wan can hilp him; he's past hilp.

ALMA.

(*Imperiously.*)

You will wait! My husband will be here in ten minutes.

TERRY.

I'll not wait. Me wife will be here anny minute.

ALMA.

If it's more money you want—

TERRY.

'Tis not the money. I'd not be a prince wan hour longer for wan million dollars.

ALMA.

I'll give you ten.

TERRY.

I'd not do it for tin million ayther.

ALMA.

I mean ten dollars.

TERRY.

Oh, tin dollars; that's different. Have you the cash handy?

ALMA.

Yes. (*Takes money from purse.*) There.
(*Hands him a ten-dollar bill.*)

CUTIE runs in at door up center.

CUTIE.

(*To* TERRY.)

Listen, white man! You bettah get away from yere. Get away quick and far. Li'l' ol' elevator boy

jus' tell me some news. He say 'at some one tele-foam to de office for de house detective.

ALMA.

The house detective?

CUTIE.

Yas'm. 'At house detective he ain't in, but dey done sent for him, and when he gets yere, you bettah be somewheres else.

ALMA.

Who telephoned for him?

CUTIE.

I doan' know. Li'l' ol' boy ain't name no names, but he says certain party is goin' to be pinched foh personification of 'at Prince Straddlebugs. You can use yo' own jedgment. Anyways, whin 'at detective comes yere, I's goin' to be gone, and you'd bettah be likewise. (*Exit, up center.*)

TERRY.

(*To ALMA.*)

I had a hunch somethin' was goin' to happen. Take back your money. (*Offers it to her.*) Whin that detective arrives, he'll find the Prince has turned into a perfectly good porter.

ALMA.

(*Not taking the bill.*)

Wait! There is nothing to be afraid of. If you say that you are the Prince, he cannot prove that you are not.

TERRY.

What talk you have! Grogan, the house detec-

tive, knows me. He knows me like he knows the back of his hand.

ALMA.

He may think he recognizes you, but if you say that you are Prince August, and I say that you are the Prince, what can he say?

TERRY.

He can say we are both liars.

ALMA.

He wouldn't dare to say that.

TERRY.

Well, mebbe not, but he'd think it.

ALMA.

(Imperiously.)

I am the Princess Alma. If I say you are the Prince, you are the Prince.

TERRY.

Is that so? And I suppose if you say this tin-dollar bill is twinty dollars, it makes it twinty dollars?

ALMA.

It does. *(Shoves another ten-dollar bill into his hand.)*

TERRY.

(Looking at money.)

Ay, Gerry! You can't bate that argument. All right, Princess. *(Putting money in his pocket.)* It will be wort' another twinty to see Grogan's face whin he hears I'm August the Sicond of Strudelburg.

ALMA.

We have lost Teresa. Have you seen her?

TERRY.

I have not, and I wouldn't know her if I had. I t'ought you wint to Niagary Falls.

ALMA.

I did, but I have returned.

TERRY.

I see you have, you must have came in on the same train as your ma.

ALMA.

She must not see me. (*Crosses to left.*) I returned for August's dispatch box. It is in here. (*About to exit, left.*)

TERRY.

How long do I have to be the Prince?

ALMA.

Until twelve o'clock. (*Exit, left.*)

TERRY.

(*Looking at his watch.*)

Twinty minutes. Twinty dollars for twinty minutes. Princes draw good pay.

He is in the act of sitting down in armchair, when the center door is thrown open, and MAGGIE and FOGARTY enter. At the sight of his wife, TERRY crosses hurriedly to left door. MAGGIE takes a firmer grip on the umbrella she is carrying and comes down center.

FOGARTY.

Wait a minute, Rafferty. It's all right. We are not going to have any more fighting.

TERRY.

(*Ready to run.*)

You're not going to have any more, as far as I am concerned.

FOGARTY.

I've brought Mrs. Rafferty here so that you can explain things. There is no use letting this foolishness go on when a few words can stop it.

TERRY.

'Tis aisy to see you've niver been married.

FOGARTY.

Why?

TERRY.

If you'd iver been married, you'd know that a few words can start somethin', but they can't stop nawthin'.

MAGGIE.

'Tis a fine lot of talk you have. If I want to start somethin', I don't nade words—

TERRY.

Or music. Fine I know it.

FOGARTY.

Stop bickering. Sit down, both of you, and let's settle this misunderstanding. (TERRY *sits gingerly on divan*. MAGGIE *sits on chair, right*.) Where is the Princess?

TERRY.

If you mane the little Princess, she's in there.
(*Points right.*) If you mane the big Princess, she's
in the room beyant.. (*Points left.*)

MAGGIE.

(*With excessive politeness.*)

You have princesses of all sizes.

TERRY.

We have.

MAGGIE.

And colors.

TERRY.

Yis—I mane, no.

FOGARTY.

If you two will just talk sensibly, I tell you the
whole affair can be settled with a few words. (*To*
MAGGIE.) Your husband can explain everything.

MAGGIE.

I see by his picture in the paper that he's married
another woman wit'out my consint. Can he explain
that?

TERRY.

I can. I married no woman wit' or wit'out your
consint. Am I so happy wit' wan wife I'd be wantin'
two?

MAGGIE.

(*Taking newspaper from her hand bag.*)

'Tis in this paper that a little b'ye did be pushin'
into me hand, yellin' "Exthra! Exthra! All about
the Prince of Strudelburg marryin' the Princess

Alma." 'Tis fine news for a wife to be r'adin' in a paper that her husband has married a princess, and her black and all.

TERRY.

She's not black; and be the same token it wasn't me that married her. 'Twas another prince be the same name as mesilf.

MAGGIE.

Whin did you get to be a prince, anyway? You had no symptoms the last-night you were home.

TERRY.

I was ilicted the day before yisterday.

MAGGIE.

Illicted? You couldn't be illicted dog-catcher, I've alone prince.

FOGARTY.

(Coming between them.)

If you will listen to me a moment, Mrs. Rafferty, I can explain everything. Your husband (*lays hand on TERRY's shoulder*) has done no wrong. It is true that he has been impersonating the Prince of Strudelburg, but—

ALMA *appears at left door carrying dispatch box and looks startled as she sees FOGARTY standing with his hand on TERRY's shoulder.*

MAGGIE.

(Jumping up and speaking loudly.)

Impersonatin' the Prince of Strudelburg? 'Tis a crime. You can be arristed as an impostor!

ALMA.

Arrested! (*Comes to center quickly. To FOGARTY.*) Officer, take your hand from that man's shoulder; he has committed no crime. You cannot arrest him; he's not an impostor. (*FOGARTY in surprise drops his hand. MAGGIE turns on ALMA.*)

MAGGIE.

(*To ALMA.*)

And who are you, that would be definin' him?

ALMA.

I am Alma of Deleria, and this is Prince August of Strudelburg, my dear husband. (*Throws arms about TERRY.*)

TERRY.

(*To FOGARTY, grimly.*)

Sittle this wit' a few words!

(*There is a startled pause, then MAGGIE gets into action. With the screech of a wounded eagle, she turns and picks up the umbrella, which she has laid against a chair.*)

MAGGIE.

Bla'guard! (*Starts for TERRY.*)

TERRY.

Ivery man for himsilf. (*Turns and dashes out left door, with MAGGIE at his heels.*)

FOGARTY.

(*To ALMA.*)

You've done it now. (*Runs to left door and looks off.*)

ALMA.

(*Anxiously.*)

What have I done?

FOGARTY.

Shot the works.

(*There is a noise of a door slamming off left, then comes the sound of hurried footsteps crossing from left to right back of stage: first the footsteps of a man, then the footsteps of a woman. FOGARTY runs up to door center and looks off right.*)

ALMA.

Who is that woman?

FOGARTY.

(*Closing door and turning to ALMA.*)

She's his wife.

ALMA.

(*Taken aback.*)

Oh! I didn't know. It was a mistake.

FOGARTY.

It was; a terrible mistake—for Rafferty. What was the idea, anyway?

ALMA.

I wanted to save him from arrest. You are the house detective; aren't you?

FOGARTY.

No; nothing so important. I am a friend of Miss Callahan, the young lady who is doubling for you. She will be glad to hear that you are back again.

ALMA.

But I can't stay. I must take this dispatch box

over to the police headquarters at once. The Prince, my husband, is under arrest.

FOGARTY.
(*Surprised.*)

What for?

ALMA.
For impersonating himself.

FOGARTY.
(*Bewildered.*)

For impersonating—? Perhaps you had better tell me all about it. I have a pretty good pull with the police, and maybe I could help the Prince.

ALMA.
It all started at Niagara Falls. August gave the man in the hotel a traveler's check.

FOGARTY.
Well? The check was good; wasn't it?

ALMA.
Yes; but it was signed "August von Strudelburg," and we were registered at the hôtel as Mr. and Mrs. Smultz. Our suite was just above the windows of the office of the *mâitre d'hôtel*, so when he telephoned for the police, we heard him.

FOGARTY.
What did you do?

ALMA.
We dropped out of the window.

FOGARTY.
Dropped out of the window?

ALMA.

August dropped first, then I jumped into his arms. It was managed very nicely, except that I kicked him on the nose. It's a bit swollen. Then we jumped into a motor car and drove away.

FOGARTY.

It was lucky he had his car parked on the spot.

ALMA.

It wasn't his car.

FOGARTY.

What! Whose car was it?

ALMA.

I don't know. It was one that happened to be standing there.

FOGARTY.

Oh, boy! He stole an automobile.

ALMA.

(*Haughtily.*)

Stole!

FOGARTY.

Pardon me. I forgot. Being a prince, naturally it wasn't stealing. He just commandeered the car. Did he get away all right?

ALMA.

Yes. We started for New York and drove all day, and by night time we had reached Ski— Ski— I can't remember those dreadful American names. It sounds like some one sneezing.

FOGARTY.

Schenectady, probably.

ALMA.

Yes. We were afraid to go to an hotel because of the police; so we drew up alongside of the highway and remained there all night.

FOGARTY.

A good idea.

ALMA.

Not so very good. It rained all night, and August caught a cold in the head. In the morning we continued on to New York.

FOGARTY.

Well, I'll say you had an exciting time. What was the idea of the trip, anyway?

ALMA.

It was to be a quiet honeymoon.

FOGARTY.

And it turned out to be a busy honeymoon. When did they arrest the Prince?

ALMA.

About an hour ago. It seems that the police of Niagara Falls telegraphed to the police of New York telling them to be on the lookout for a car, number so-and-so. They took us to the station. August gave them his name and title, but they only laughed at him and showed him a picture in the newspaper. It was this other man—this porter.

FOGARTY.

Why didn't he have them telephone to this hotel to be identified?

ALMA.

He did. But they phoned back that August must be an impostor, as the Prince of Strudelburg was at present in his apartment here.

The door up center is thrown violently open, and TERRY enters, out of breath. He unbuttons his tunic while he is speaking.

TERRY.

I gave her the shlip. I wint up wan ilivator and down another. Maggie is still goin' up. (*Starts to remove tunic.*)

FOGARTY.

What are you doing?

TERRY.

I'm abjucatin'.

FOGARTY.

What?

TERRY.

I'm resignin' me position as prince.

ALMA.

(*Agitated.*)

No, no. You can't do that!

TERRY.

Can I not? Watch me. (*Removes tunic.*) If annywan wants a prince's job, he can have mine. Livin' the life of r'yalty ain't what it's cracked up to be. (*Puts coat on table.*) I've been starin' death in the face iver since I put on this uniform. (*Takes off helmet and puts it on top of coat.*) 'Tis a funny

thing: Iverywan that meets a crown prince wants to crown him ag'in. (*Crosses to door left, unbuttoning suspenders as he goes.*) I wasn't cut out for a prince, annyway. I can nayther run fast enough nor lie fast enough. (*Exit, left.*)

ALMA.

(*Excitedly.*)

Go after him at once. He must not be allowed to do this.

FOGARTY.

Why not?

ALMA.

Don't you see? This man's picture is in the paper. They think that he is August. If he escapes from here, August won't be able to establish his identity for weeks. This man must remain here until the police arrive.

FOGARTY.

(*Laughs.*)

It will be all right. He won't go far. I'll keep an eye on him.

ALMA.

You will? It is very good of you. I must hurry. The papers in this box may make the police listen to reason. (*Hurries up to center door.*) Tell your friend Miss Callahan that I wish I had never gone to Niagara Falls. I should have remained here, where everything was nice and quiet.

FOGARTY.

"Nice and quiet" is good.

Exit ALMA, up center. FOGARTY goes left, as if about to exit. JUNE enters, right.

JUNE.

(Putting hand to her forehead.)

I can't stand any more. My brain is reeling.

FOGARTY.

(Anxiously.)

What is it, June? What is the matter? *(Comes to center.)*

JUNE.

The Queen and the Archduke are talking politics. *(Sinks into armchair.)*

FOGARTY.

What queen?

JUNE.

What queen do you suppose? Do you know so many queens? Queen Louise, of course.

FOGARTY.

I thought that she was in Chicago.

JUNE.

She got back this morning. She came in here and asked me who I was. I told her that I was her daughter.

FOGARTY.

But didn't you know it was the Queen? *(Sits on divan.)*

JUNE.

Of course I didn't. She looks just like other

people. How should I know? I thought she'd be wearing a crown or something.

FOGARTY.

What did she say?

JUNE.

She was lovely; didn't bawl me out or anything. Her manners are beautiful.

FOGARTY.

Perhaps that's what makes her a queen.

JUNE.

It made me feel silly when I thought about the way I had been strutting around high-hatting everyone. I had the wrong angle on this princess business. I'm an American girl, and I believe in democracy, but from now on I'm going to act like a queen.

FOGARTY.

(*Earnestly.*)

June, I want you to give me a chance to explain that story in the paper.

JUNE.

(*Rising.*)

I don't care to hear it, Mr. Fogarty. (*Starts to exit, right, haughtily.*)

FOGARTY.

(*Rising and bowing low.*)

Very well, your Highness.

JUNE.

(*Contritely.*)

I'm sorry, Johnnie. My princess manner got the better of me. Tell me what you have to say. But I

warn you it had better be good. (*Sits in armchair.*)

FOGARTY.

(*Sits.*)

All right. To begin with I won the *Universe* prize for the best three-act American comedy.

JUNE.

You did?

FOGARTY.

Got the check right in my pocket: two thousand dollars. Haven't had a chance to deposit it. The *Universe* wanted a picture of me to run with the story of my winning the prize, so I gave them one. The same day this story breaks about the vaudeville hoofer eloping with the cabaret girl. Both stories came out in the same edition, and the confounded editor mixed up the pictures. He ran the hoofer's picture as the winner of the play contest, and he ran my picture as the guy who eloped with another man's wife.

JUNE.

(*Searchingly.*)

Johnnie Fogarty, is this true?

FOGARTY.

Of course it's true.

JUNE.

Then why were you in Atlantic City?

FOGARTY.

I wasn't in Atlantic City. I was in Detroit.

JUNE.

Why did you go to Detroit?

FOGARTY.

I had to see the—a lady.

JUNE.

(*Coldly.*)

So there was a lady, after all. It's merely a question of geography.

FOGARTY.

I hope to present you to the lady I was with in Detroit. When you have met her, you will stop being jealous and—

JUNE.

(*Jumping up, furiously.*)

Jealous! How dare you say that I am jealous?

GOTTLIEB *enters, right, and looks at* JUNE.

GOTTLIEB.

Her majesty desires your presence.

(JUNE *gives* FOGARTY *a disdainful look and sweeps haughtily out at right door.*)

FOGARTY.

(*Grins.*)

Good-bye, Princess. (*To* GOTTLIEB.) Hello, Archduke. I am surprised to see your Highness here. I thought that you would be headed for Wiener Schnitzel.

GOTTLIEB.

Why should I head myself for Wiener Schnitzel?

FOGARTY.

Haven't you heard the news? Haven't you read the morning papers?

GOTTLIEB.

I do not read the American papers. They are full of silliness, and they never publish any news of importance.

FOGARTY.

You may think that they don't publish any news of importance, but buy a *Morning Universe* and read it. (*Goes to door up center.*) You'll be surprised. (*Exit, center door. GOTTLIEB looks after him in a puzzled manner.*)

TERRY enters, left. *He is dressed in the porter's uniform which he wore in the first act. He stops, upon seeing GOTTLIEB.*

GOTTLIEB.

(*Turning and seeing TERRY.*)

So you have assumed a disguise. It will avail you nothing. I see through it.

TERRY.

You do? You have good eyesight.

GOTTLIEB.

You cannot escape. I have sent for the police. Soon you will be under arrest. (*Sits in armchair.*)

TERRY.

On what charge?

GOTTLIEB.

On the charge of impersonating August of Strudelburg with fraudulent intent. (*Loud knock at center door.*) Ha! Already it is the police. Come!

GROGAN, the house detective, enters, up center.

GROGAN.

Hello, Rafferty.

TERRY.

Hello, Grogan.

GROGAN.

I am here to arrest a party for impersonation of the Prince of Strudelburg under false pretences.

TERRY.

Here's your man, Mike. (*Takes up helmet which he himself has worn previously and puts it on GOTTLIEB's head.*) Take him away!

(*GOTTLIEB jumps to his feet, too amazed for speech. GROGAN goes to him.*)

GROGAN.

You'll git tin years for this, me lad. Come on.

GOTTLIEB.

Fool! I am Archduke Gottlieb.

TERRY.

First he's a prince, now he's a juke. Take him out, Mike, before he gits to be a king.

(*GROGAN grabs GOTTLIEB, who struggles.*)

GROGAN.

No rough stuff, now.

GOTTLIEB.

I am not the man, I tell you. I am Gottlieb, of Wiener Schnitzel.

GROGAN.

Sure; and I'm Grogan of Liverwurst. Come on!

(GROGAN pulls GOTTLIEB out of door up center, GOTTLIEB still struggling and expostulating. TERRY closes the door after them and goes down to left door.)

This door opens quickly, and POPOPOLUS rushes on, all out of breath. He is carrying a sheaf of papers in his hand, and on his breast are numerous badges and medals.

POPOPOLUS.

Ha!

TERRY.

It's Ignatz ag'in; bad luck to me, annyway!

POPOPOLUS.

Oxcuse, pliss! I'm late. I'm ron all da vays. My goodness, how I ron all da vays!

TERRY.

You naden't have hurried on my account. If you were twice as late, I'd be tin times as plazed.

POPOPOLUS.

(Throwing out chest.)

See! I got-a da badge, da med', da pape', accordings to da itemized list in da bill of lade'. *(Points to badge.)* Deese I got bik-cause I'm president Association Assassination of Royalties. *(Points to medal.)* Deese I got by corresponding school bik-cause I'm speak-a da good Englis' langwidge. *(Points to dog tag.)* Deese is dog tex. He shows I got-a da right to keep-a da dog if I got-a da dog. *(Points to another medal.)* Deese—

TERRY.

You have established your idintity, Ignatz, but there is wan thing you forgot.

POPOPOLUS.

What's hees name—da t'ing I forgets?

TERRY.

You have forgot to bring the bomb.

POPOPOLUS.

(*Eagerly.*)

No, no. I'm not forgetting heem. Da bomb is in da pock'. See, I show you. (*Starts to take bomb from his coat pocket.*)

TERRY.

(*Hastily.*)

It isn't nicissary. I was just askin' for information. (*Bitterly.*) I might have known you'd not be forgettin' that.

FOGARTY *enters hastily at door up center.*

FOGARTY.

Beat it, Rafferty. His Nobs is coming back. (*Sees POPOPOLUS.*) Oh, Lord! Ignatz! (*Goes toward right door.*)

POPOPOLUS.

Your Highness is just on-a da time. Da blowings up is joost-a commence'. (*To TERRY.*) Pliss to take-a da stand by the Archduke an' oblige yours faithful-a.

TERRY.

(*Puzzled.*)

What?

FOGARTY.

He wants you to stand over here with me, so that he can take us in a group.

GOTTLIEB *strides in at door up center. He sees*
TERRY.

GOTTLIEB.

So! Scoundrel, trickster! You thought to escape by your silly trickery. (*Comes down between POPOPOLUS and TERRY, facing the latter.*)

POPOPOLUS.

(*Tapping him on the shoulder.*)

Oxcuse, pliss. Deese party is in-a da conference. Pliss leave-a da room.

GOTTLIEB.

Away! (*Makes sweeping gesture with his arm, pushing POPOPOLUS back. To TERRY.*) Impostor! Your cunning scheme will avail you nothing. I will show you that you cannot make monkey business with me, Gottlieb, Archduke of Wiener Schnitzel.

TERRY.

Ay, Gerry, you've started something now.

POPOPOLUS.

(*Again tapping GOTTLIEB on shoulder.*)

Oxcuse, pliss. (GOTTLIEB *turns.*) Eet iss you who make-a da trick. You are not-a Archduke Gottlieb; he iss. (*Points to FOGARTY.*)

FOGARTY.

(*Hastily.*)

No, no, Ignatz! I resign. Let him be it, if he wants to.

GOTTLIEB.

What is this foolish talk? Have I not said that I am Gottlieb of Wiener Schnitzel?

POPOPOLUS.

No, no! You make-a da mistake. He iss-a da Archduke. Long times I know him.

GOTTLIEB.

(Loudly and furiously.)

Fool! Dolt! Dumkopf! Have you the brains of a goose? Must I tell you a thousand times that I am Archduke Gottlieb of Wiener Schnitzel.

TERRY.

Ay, Gerry! Your Honor, this is wan argumint that if you win it you'll wish you hadn't.

GOTTLIEB.

(To TERRY.)

Who is this man? *(Points to POPOPOLUS.)*

TERRY.

I take great plisure in introducin' you two gintlemin to wan another. Your Honor, this is Ignatz, the Grake hero. Ignatz, this is Gottlieb the Archduke. Trusting that you can both get together for your mutual binifit, I beg to remain your absent fri'nd Terry. *(During the above speech, TERRY has backed toward left door. At the final word he turns, throws the door open, and exits.)*

FOGARTY.

(Calls after him.)

Good man, Rafferty!

POPOPOLUS.

(Turns quickly.)

He make-a da escape! *(Starts left, then stops.)*

GOTTLIEB.

He shall not escape me. *(Starts up center.)*

The left door is again thrown open and TERRY enters as hastily as he made his exit. He runs past POPOPOLUS to center of stage.

FOGARTY.

Why didn't you stay away, once you were away, you poor fish?

TERRY.

I might as well die wan way as another. Maggie's in there! *(Points to left.)*

MAGGIE enters. *She is still armed with her umbrella.*

MAGGIE.

So! You'll play tricks wit' ilivators. You'll l'ave your wife bobbin' up an' down from wan floor to another while—

TERRY.

Whisht, Maggie! Would you quarrel wit' a man that has wan fut in the grave?

MAGGIE.

Which fut have you in the grave, and why? *(MAGGIE starts towards TERRY, but POPOPOLUS stops her.)*

POPOPOLUS.

Stands to von sides, vomans!

MAGGIE.

Who are you callin' vomans? Take it back, or I'll— (*Raises umbrella as if about to strike* POPOPOLUS.)

TERRY.

(*In alarm.*)

For hiven's sake, Maggie don't sthrike him. He's loaded.

POPOPOLUS.

Who are you, pliss?

MAGGIE.

I am the Princess of Strudelburg—no liss.

TERRY.

(*Sharply.*)

Hould your tongue. Ignatz is down on r'yalties. What talk have you of princesses?

MAGGIE.

Sure, if me husband is Prince of Strudelburg, thin I am Princess of Strudelburg, and I'd like to see any man in a little rid hat sthop me.

POPOPOLUS.

Ha! You t'ink-a you pla-a da trick, too? Deese Prince (*points to* TERRY) he ain't got-a da wife. Why? *Bik*-cause he ain't married. Deese is private party. No admission except on biz. Out, vomans!

MAGGIE.

I'll "Out, vomans" you! (*Drops umbrella and grabs* POPOPOLUS *by the back of the neck and rushes him off left, POPOPOLUS loudly protesting.*)

(TERRY crosses left to pick up umbrella and conceals it beneath divan.)

TERRY.

That's the last we'll see of Ignatz. Whin Maggie puts annywan out, they stay put.

JUNE enters, right.

JUNE.

What is this? A mass meeting? I wish you men would try to remember that this is a private suite, not a public square.

GOTTLIEB.

So! The second impostor. (*Goes up to center door.*) We will catch the two birds in the same net. (*Opens center door.*) Enter.

GROGAN enters by door up center and looks sharply about room.

GOTTLIEB.

Arrest that man (*points to TERRY*) and that woman. (*Points to JUNE.*)

JUNE.

(*Frightened.*)

No! (*She goes close to FOGARTY and holds his arm.*)

FOGARTY.

Hold on, your Highness! You can't do that. This isn't Wiener Schnitzel.

GROGAN.

(*To GOTTLIEB.*)

Are you preferrin' charges ag'in' them?

GOTTLIEB.

I am. I charge this man with impersonating the Prince of Strudelburg and this woman with impersonating the Princess of Deleria, with fraudulent intent.

GROGAN.

(Taking a step toward TERRY.)

Come on, Rafferty. That was a pretty smooth thrick you played on me, but don't try it ag'in.

TERRY.

No fear. I'll go quietly. Sure, wit' Maggie in the timper she's in, jail is the only safe place for me. *(Goes up beside GROGAN.)*

GROGAN.

(Turning to JUNE.)

Now, young lady, I'll have to trouble you to come down to the office.

FOGARTY.

Wait a minute, Grogan. This lady is all right. I know her. Can't you take my word for it?

GROGAN.

Sure, if you know her, Johnnie, your identification will be enough. Is she the Princess of Deleria?

FOGARTY.

No, Grogan, she isn't, but it's all—

GROGAN.

If she isn't the Princess, then she has been impersonatin' the Princess, and fri'nd or no fri'nd, she will have to come wit' me.

FOGARTY.

I guess you'll have to go, June. I'll get in touch with headquarters and try to straighten it out. (*Leads her over to GROGAN.*)

GROGAN.

Fair enough. Come on, both of you. (GROGAN, TERRY, and JUNE start up toward door center.)

Enter AUGUST and ALMA, up center. AUGUST looks rather disreputable. His clothing is mussed, and his nose is red and has a puffy appearance. He speaks as if he had a bad cold in his head.

AUGUST.

(*Holding up hand.*)

Stop!

GROGAN.

Hey?

AUGUST.

You gaddod arrest that bad!

GROGAN.

(*Puzzled.*)

What? What are you talking about? Who are you, anyway?

AUGUST.

I ab the Britz.

GROGAN.

What?

ALMA.

He says he is the Prince.

GROGAN.

Prince August. (*Looks around for confirmation.*)

GOTTLIEB.

Yes; that is August of Strudelburg.

GROGAN.

Well, thin, 'twill not take us long to settle this. This man (*points to TERRY*) is under arrest for impersonating your Highness and—

AUGUST.

He ibersodated be ad by cobbad.

GROGAN.

'Tis no use. We shall have to get an interpreter. Can you speak no English, your Highness?

ALMA.

He is speaking English.

GROGAN.

If he's speakin' English, I'm speakin' Chinese.

ALMA.

He has a cold in his head. I will tell you what he says. I'm used to him. Go on, August.

AUGUST.

This bad has dud do wrog. He ibbersodated be at by cobbad.

ALMA.

He says: "This man has done no wrong. He impersonated me at my command."

TERRY.

There you are, Grogan. (*With an expression of*

righteous indignation, TERRY goes down back of divan.)

GROGAN.

All right, Terry. That lets you out. Now, how about this young lady?

ALMA.

I will answer for her. She is in my confidence.

GROGAN.

Fair enough. Well, I guess that's all. 'Twas a false alarm. Let's go. (*Exit by center door.*)

JUNE.

(*Taking ALMA's hand.*)

I never was so glad to see anyone in my life. Well, it's all right now, and I want to congratulate you and the Prince. (*Shakes hands with AUGUST and turns back to ALMA.*) Your mother is in the next room. I'll tell her that you are here. (*Crosses right.*)

ALMA.

Does she know that I am married?

JUNE.

(*At right door.*)

I don't know; I didn't tell her. (*Exit, right.*)

GOTTLIEB.

(*Coming closer to ALMA.*)

So! More trickeries. In spite of all diplomatic negotiations, you marry another man right under my nose.

ALMA.

(*Looking puzzled.*)

Pardon?

AUGUST.

(*Putting his arm around her.*)

Debber bide ib, Alba.

ALMA.

(*To the others, generally, impersonally.*)

He says, "Never mind him, Alma." (*To AUGUST.*)
Who is this person?

GOTTLIEB.

(*Loudly.*)

I am Gottlieb of Wiener Schnitzel. And you have affronted me by marrying in this surreptitious manner. But it will make you nothing. Tell your royal mother that I, Gottlieb, say that the American loan will now never be consummated.

FOGARTY.

(*To GOTTLIEB.*)

I told your Highness that you should read the newspapers. The loan is consummated. It was voted at ten o'clock this morning.

GOTTLIEB.

So? (*To ALMA and AUGUST.*) Still it will make you nothing. Deleria and Strudelburg have formed an alliance. Good! I will not have to make two bites at a cherry. The duchy of Wiener Schnitzel shall swallow both.

FOGARTY.

I hate to seem to be rubbing it in, your Highness,

but you really should subscribe for a good newspaper. There is no duchy of Wiener Schnitzel.

GOTTLIEB.

(*Gruffly.*)

What foolishness is this?

FOGARTY.

No foolishness. The story is in the *Morning Universe*. Kolinsky has risen and the duchy has fallen. It is now the republic of Wiener Schnitzel.

GOTTLIEB.

Lies! All lies. How could this happen and I not hear about it?

FOGARTY.

If you won't read the papers, and you hop all over the United States without leaving a forwarding address, lots of things can happen, and you won't hear about them.

MAGGIE *enters, left, unseen by* TERRY.

GOTTLIEB.

(*Furiously.*)

Liars. Impostors! Tricksters! You rejoice at my downfall, yes? In due time I will return and settle all debts. But first comes Kolinsky. (*Rushes off at center door.*)

MAGGIE.

(*Looking after* GOTTLIEB.)

What ails that wan?

TERRY.

(*Turns with a start.*)

The Archduke is now the fallen Archduke.

MAGGIE.

(*Aggressively.*)

Is he so? And by the same token, you'll be fallen
whin I lay me hands on you.

LOUISE *enters, right.*

TERRY.

Whisht, woman! Would you start a riot in the
prisince of the Quane?

MAGGIE.

Is that the Quane?

TERRY.

It is.

MAGGIE.

Are you married to her, too?

TERRY.

I am not.

ALMA.

Mother, I am married, and this is my dear hus-
band. (*Puts arms about AUGUST.*)

MAGGIE.

Did you ever hear the likes of it? Ivery man she
sees she claims he's her husband!

LOUISE.

Good heavens, August, what is the matter? What
has happened to your nose?

ALMA.

(*Simply.*)

I kicked it, mother.

LOUISE.

(Astounded.)

Kicked it!

TERRY.

(Shaking his head sorrowfully.)

Married t'ree days, and she kicks him in the nose!

ALMA.

(Coldly.)

It was an accident.

TERRY.

I see; your foot shlipped.

LOUISE.

I read in the newspapers of your marriage, also of the revolution in Wiener Schnitzel. And since the Archduke is likely to be busy for some time to come, I can think of no better husband for you than von Strudelburg.

AUGUST.

(Bows.)

Badab!

ALMA.

He says, "Madam."

The center door is thrown open violently, and POPOPOLUS springs into the room. He is wildly excited and holds the bomb extended at arm's length over his head.

POPOPOLUS.

(Loudly.)

Ha!

TERRY.

Here's the pest ag'in. Hould fast, iverybody!

POPOPOLUS.

Eet iss da Queen-a Louise. All royalties in da bunch. See! Deese bomb! When I'm drop heem, she's blow all crown heads up da roof. Now iss da time. (*Rushes down center and over to armchair.*)

TERRY.

(*Trying to pull MAGGIE down behind divan.*)
Duck for your life!

POPOPOLUS.

(*Springing on chair and raising bomb.*)
Good-a-bye, royalties!

(*He throws the bomb to the floor. The women scream; the men shout. The bomb bounces like a rubber ball, and TERRY catches it on the bounce.*)

FOGARTY.

Out on the first bounce, Ignatz.

TERRY.

(*Holding the bomb gingerly.*)

Some wan take this infernal machine. I can fale it swellin' in me hand.

GROGAN *enters quickly by center door and comes down in front of POPOPOLUS.*

GROGAN.

(*Quietly.*)

All right, Pop. You have played enough for wan day. Come on down.

POPOPOLUS.

(*Sorrowfully.*)

Da bomb she's not explosion. (*Gets down from armchair.*)

GROGAN.

(*To FOGARTY.*)

'Tis a lad be the name of Popopolus. He's out of a sanitarium a few blocks away. He's a trifle wuzzy in the bean.

FOGARTY.

Crazy?

GROGAN.

Yis; but nawthin' to speak of. He had to pay so many taxes in the ould country that it unbalanced his mintality, and whin he came to America and tried to fill out his income tax papers, it sint him completely bughouse.

FOGARTY.

Do they let him run around loose?

GROGAN.

Sure. He's harmless.

TERRY.

I'd not call a man that was so handy wit' bombs and revolvers, harmless. (*Gives GROGAN the bomb.*)

GROGAN.

Toys they give him to play wit'. It amuses him to think he's murtherin' some wan.

TERRY.

I'd not call a pistol as long as me arm a toy.

GROGAN.

It is a toy—no liss. It could not be loaded, and if it could, it could not be fired. (*To POPOPOLUS.*) Let's get out of here.

POPOPOLUS.

(*Shaking his head sadly.*)

All-a deese royalties in da bunch, and da bomb she's not explosion!

GROGAN.

(*Kindly.*)

No use cryin' over spilt milk, Pop. Better luck next time. Sure, what's a few princes and princesses, anyway? Just small fry to a man like you. Come wit' me. I know where you can find a couple of kings and maybe an imperor. (*Offers his arm, which POPOPOLUS takes. Arm in arm, they march to door up center.*)

POPOPOLUS.

(*Turns.*)

Eet is wit' da great-a regret I'm must leaving you. Trusting to see-a you all on my returnings, I remain yours sincerely. (*Exeunt GROGAN and POPOPOLUS by center door!*)

TERRY.

(*Calling after him.*)

P. S. I hope you'll have a long and prosperous v'yage.

FOGARTY.

Well, I'm glad that's over. He's had us sidestep-ping for three days. There's just one more thing I want to know. (*To AUGUST.*) How did you get out

of the hoosegow? How did you square it with the police?

ALMA.

The man in Niagara Falls was so pleased to know that his car was stolen by a Prince that he wired August to keep it.

AUGUST.

I ab goig to sed the bad ad autograb' photograb.

ALMA.

He says he is going to send the man an autographed photograph.

LOUISE.

(*To ALMA.*)

Why does Strudelburg speak in that queer way?

ALMA.

He has a cold in his head, and he must have medical attention right away. (*Takes his arm.*) Come, August; you must lie down. I will send for a doctor. (*They start toward left door.*)

MAGGIE.

Sure you'll not be sindin' for a doctor on account of the wee bit of a cold. All you nade do is take wan of his ould socks, soak it in kerosene, thin wrap it about his neck.

TERRY.

(*Pulling her arm.*)

Whisht, woman! What talk have you of ould socks? Sure, the man's a prince.

MAGGIE.

(Haughtily.)

Prince, or no prince, he wears thim; does he not?

TERRY.

He does; but he wears thim around his ixtrimities, not around his neck.

MAGGIE.

(Pushing TERRY on divan with a back wave of her arm.)

Sit down and shut up! What do you know about chimistry? *(To ALMA.)* I'll go wit' you, me dear, and if you'll get a smitch of goose grease, I'll be rubbin' it on his chist, the way 'twould loosen his microbes and give his germs a chance to escape. *(Crosses to left door.)*

(ALMA and AUGUST cross to left door. ALMA smiles graciously at MAGGIE.)

AUGUST.

(Bowing to the others.)

I wish to thag you all fo' a quiet uddybood.

ALMA.

He says he wishes to thank you all for a quiet honeymoon.

TERRY.

Dode bediod id. I mane, don't mintion it. Ay, Gerry! That kind of talk is ketchin'.

MAGGIE.

(Taking AUGUST's arm.)

Come wit' me, me poor man. *(Exeunt MAGGIE, AUGUST, and ALMA, left.)*

TERRY.

(Gazing after them.)

"Come wit' me, me poor man." Sure, you'd t'ink butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. I'm Maggie's lawful husband, and the bist I iver get is the worst of it. But whin it comes to some wan's ilse's husband, she's all tinderniss and goose grease.

JUNE enters, right. *She is wearing her hat and is carrying her typewriter.*

LOUISE.

You are going away?

JUNE.

Yes. I'm going back to my old job. A stenographer doesn't make so very much money, but she gets a little sleep once in a while. And that is more than I got, while I was a princess. *(Starts to go up center.)*

FOGARTY.

Just a moment, June! *(She stops at center.)* I told you that I went to Detroit to see a lady, and you wanted to know her name. As our mutual friend Ignatz would say, "I now take-a da great-a pleaz' to introduction you." *(Waves his hand toward LOUISE.)*

JUNE.

(Sharply.)

Johnnie Fogarty, don't be silly!

FOGARTY.

I'm not being silly—that is, I'm not being any more silly than usual. I was sent to Detroit to get

an interview with her Majesty on the political situation in Europe. (*To LOUISE.*) Isn't that so, your Majesty?

LOUISE.

It is. This young man spent the better part of a day asking me questions. He found out a good many things I didn't want him to know. (*Crosses to right door.*) You had better keep an eye out for your Mr. Fogarty. He is a very persistent young man. (*Smiles and exits, right.*)

JUNE.

Oh, Johnnie, I'm sorry. It was just a foolish mistake. The newspaper story, I mean.

FOGARTY.

Yes. And now, June, how about the wedding? Do we go through with it as per contract?

JUNE.

(*Smiles.*)

We have considered your proposal, and we find that it is in line with our policy. Trusting that this meets with your approbation, we beg to remain your ever-loving wife, June. (*They embrace.*)

TERRY.

(*Shaking his head gloomily.*)

Ay, Gerry, 'tis a quare world. Wan half of thim is foriver wishin' they was married, and the other half is foriver wishin' they wasn't.

CURTAIN

What Anne Brought Home

BY

LARRY E. JOHNSON

COMEDY in 3 acts; 5 men, 4 women. Time, 2½ hours. Scene: 1 interior.

CHARACTERS

(As they appear in the play)

Sam Bennet.....A small-town lumber merchant
Mrs. Hattie Bennet.....His wife
Alma Bennet.....His youngest daughter
Herb Hardcastle.....Alma's young man, with ambitions
Henry Bennet.....Sam's brother
Anne Bennet Purdy.....Sam's second daughter
Dudley Purdy.....What Anne brought home
Nina Bennet.....Sam's eldest daughter
J. T. Raymond.....
.....General manager of an electric power company

Fresh from a prosperous run on Broadway and a remarkably successful career in professional stock, this capital comedy of small-town life well deserves its popularity with the theater-going public. What Anne brings home from Valpo, to the consternation of her family, is a brand new husband, with whom she settles down in an already overcrowded household. Henceforward, Dudley, the young husband, has to sleep with the cranky Uncle Henry and endure the gibes of his in-laws, who make no secret of their contempt for him and sneer at his pet project of establishing a fish farm. The truth is that as a go-getter Dudley is a total loss. Nevertheless he persists in the fish farm enterprise, in the interest of which he secures an option on some property of his father-in-law, thereby temporarily blocking the sale of the land to a power-company magnate and incurring the wrath of not only the in-laws but Anne herself. How he finally manages to put over a big deal with the magnate, straighten out two tangled love affairs, placate the in-laws, and square himself with Anne are details of as vividly human and humorous a story as ever delighted an audience. Cast has a rich variety of comedy types including Anne's matter-of-fact mother; her dryly humorous father; Herb, the swaggering go-getter; and the irascible Uncle Henry, whose particular bug is "cramberry" culture.

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CHICAGO

The Absent-Minded Bridegroom

BY

LARRY E. JOHNSON

FARCE in 3 acts; 6 men, 6 women, three being children (1 boy, 2 girls) with practically no lines. Time, 2½ hours. **Scene:** 1 interior.

CHARACTERS

(As they appear in the play).

Timothy Shea.....	The bridegroom, a widower
Patrick Rooney.....	His friend
Jimmie Rooney.....	"Daphnay's" son
Fred Grady.....	His friend
Slade.....	A plain-clothes man
Yennie.....	A small colored boy
"Daphnay" Rooney.....	The bride, a widow
Nora Shea.....	Tim's daughter
Kathleen O'Connor.....	Her friend
Tessie Connors.....	Mrs. Rooney's maid
Yennie }.....	Small girls
Yaney }	

On the eve of his marriage with the Widow Rooney, Tim Shea gets an acute attack of cold feet and begs his crony, Pat Rooney, the widow's brother-in-law, to rescue him from impending matrimony. Pat hatches the bright idea of having the bridegroom pretend to lose his memory from a blow received in a fictitious accident and to assume the identity of one Peter Peterson. Unluckily the name belongs to a Swedish dynamiter wanted by the police; and then the fun begins. It waxes fast and furious when a pseudo-Mrs. Peterson and three little Petersons burst upon the scene, claiming Tim for the head of their family. Thus beleaguered by the false Mrs. Peterson and the police and alternately scorned and courted by the outraged widow, Tim is a comedy figure to keep any audience roaring with mirth; and his wily crony Pat runs him a close second. This capital comedy of Irish-American life has not a dull moment and scarcely a serious one. Offers excellent opportunity for female impersonation.

Outstanding members of the cast are: the rollicking youth who impersonates Mrs. Peterson; the calamity-howling maid, nicknamed Poison Ivy; the hard-boiled plain-clothes man; and the match-making lovers who scheme to get their respective parents married in order to promote their own marriage.

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Back Seat Drivers

BY

LAURENCE (LARRY) E. JOHNSON

COMEDY in 3 acts; 5 men, 4 women. Time, 2½ hours. **Scene:** 1 interior.

CHARACTERS

(As they appear in the play)

John Wilson.....A young business man
Connie Wilson.....His wife
Peter Simms.....A neighbor, also a business man
Goofie.....Handy man about the neighborhood
Della Moffet.....Connie's friend and neighbor
Cuthbert Moffet...Della's husband, a young business man
Austin Spence.....A smooth customer
Amy Webb-Stephens.....Spence's side partner
Clara Simms.....Peter's wife

With a Broadway production and a successful run in stock to its credit, this gay drama of young married life and back seat financiering makes a strong bid for popularity. Two young wives, Connie and Della, whose besetting sin is to twitch hubby's arm at crucial moments when he drives the family bus and the family apple cart, conceive a bright idea of curing their husbands of investing family funds without wifey's approval. Conspiring with a chance salesman of electric toasters, they form a fake corporation to promote the manufacture and sale of an electrical egg-boiling device and persuade their husbands to invest money in it. And then the fun begins. Enter a lovely young widow, alleged owner of the egg boiler, who keeps the wives on pins and needles by flirting outrageously with their husbands. But the husbands are not as dumb as they look, and by some skillful gum-shoeing, catch the lovely widow in the act of sneaking out of town with a nice little slice of the corporation funds, while tipping off the police to a similar move on the part of her fellow crook, the salesman. Other characters who add to the general hilarity are the cocksure, smart-Aleck business man who insists on buying stock in the fake corporation, also his jealous, henpecking wife. An ideal play for any dramatic club looking for smart lines, swift action, sure-fire rôles, and a hurricane of laughs.

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CHICAGO

OTHER GREAT PLAYS

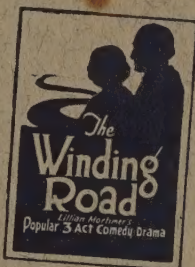
Sweetwater Trail



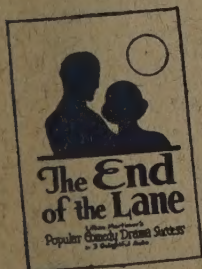
Comedy in 3 acts, by LARRY E. JOHNSON; 7 m., 6 w. Time, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. *Scene*: 1 interior. To prevent her caddish fiancé from cheating her out of a fortune, a spirited bride-elect marries a practically unknown bridegroom. Breezy drama of the Canadian Northwest, full of stirring situations and laughter. Production fee, fifteen dollars. Price, 50 Cents

The Winding Road

Comedy-drama in 3 acts, by LILLIAN MORTIMER; 5 m., 5 w. Time, $2\frac{1}{4}$ hrs. *Scene*: 1 interior. The heart-gripping tale of two orphaned young people who advertise for an old-fashioned mother and thereby introduce a pair of notorious but lovable crooks into their home. Production fee, ten dollars. Price, 50 Cents



The End of the Lane



Comedy-drama in 3 acts, by LILLIAN MORTIMER; 5 m., 6 w. Time, $2\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. *Scenes*: 1 interior, 1 exterior. The stirring adventures of a penniless wanderer, who tries to gain a home and a fortune by passing himself off as the long-lost son of a wealthy farmer. Production fee, ten dollars. Price, 50 Cents

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